

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS-PAPE

NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1859, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 212.—VOL. IX.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1859.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

Caution—More Bogus Pictures.

SATURDAY EVENING, December 17th, 1859.

THE Publishers of one of our imitators having announced that they will issue early this Saturday afternoon Pictures of the Executions at Charlestown, which took place at one o'clock P.M. on Friday afternoon, we make the following statement to put the Public on their guard:

None of the Artists there present reached New York till six o'clock on Saturday evening, five hours after said paper was issued; while these fancy Pictures were on the press at three o'clock this Saturday morning, fifteen hours before the sketches made there could have reached New York.

We could have published at the same time, but we preferred to wait for the *bona fide* sketches.

As a proof of our immense facilities, we give the history of the double page block in the present paper. To make preparations for the execution of this cut we engaged rooms at a hotel adjacent to our office, where our Artists and Engravers, who were to work all night, were to sleep during the day, ready to obey our summons at a moment's notice. As soon as our Artist arrived with the drawing it was sketched upon the block, which was made up of sixteen pieces bolted together; these were then divided among our Artists, who each finished a piece, which were then sent to our Engravers. Sixteen men worked upon them, relieved at times by others; and thus our engraving, which by the old system could not have been done in less than two or three weeks, WAS FINISHED IN ONE NIGHT. It is only in our Establishment that such a marvellous feat could be accomplished.

HINTON ROWAN HELPER.

The subject of our present memoir, Hinton Rowan Helper, is the youngest son of Captain Daniel Helper, a small slaveholder who was born, lived and died in Rowan county, North Carolina, in which place the author of "The Impending Crisis" was born on the 27th December, 1829. Mrs. Helper, the mother of Hinton, was of English descent, and on the death of her husband, which occurred when her

son was only nine months old, had hard task to support her family. Living in a backwood country, the west part of North Carolina, there were no opportunities for education, and it was not till he had reached his twelfth year that he could write his name. Till his sixteenth year he was employed in cultivating a small farm. He then engaged himself as clerk in a book and general merchandise store in Salisbury, North Carolina, where he remained till his twentieth year, when he came to New York on his way to California, for which land of promise he sailed in Jan., 1851, in the clipper Staghound, by the circuitous route of Cape Horn.

In 1854 he returned from San Francisco by the way of Nicaragua, and settled in his native town. He here remained till 1856, when he removed to Baltimore.

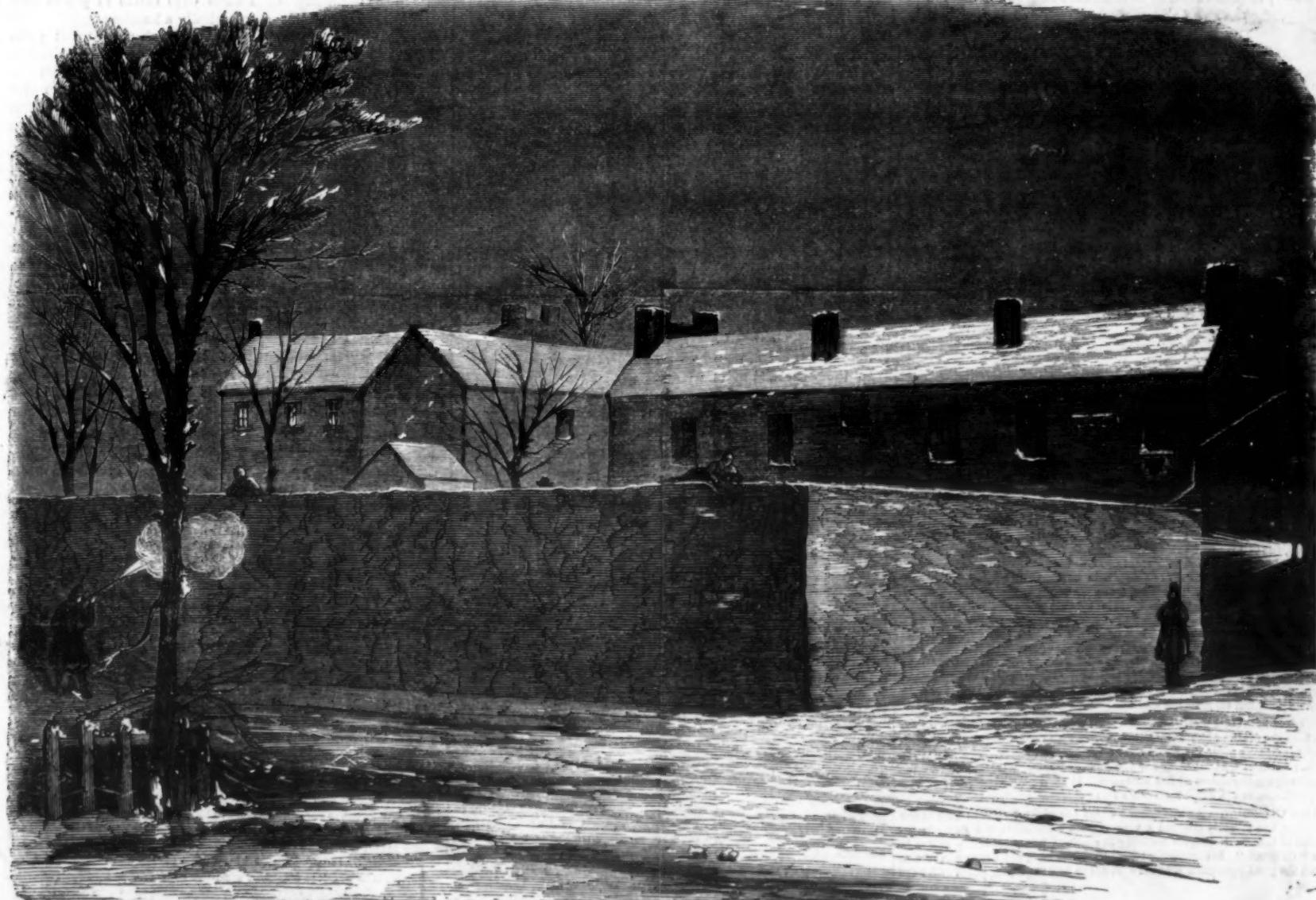
In 1857 he published the work which has so bitterly aroused sectional feeling under the title of "The Impending Crisis of the South," a volume too well known to need any comment.



HINTON ROWAN HELPER, AUTHOR OF THE FAMOUS BOOK ON THE
"IMENDING CRISIS"—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GURNEY.



LINK OF THE CHAIN CUT BY COOK AND COPPOCK.—SEE PAGE 64.



THE SOUTHERN FIRING AT COOK AND COPPOCK, AS THEY WERE ENDEAVORING TO ESCAPE FROM THE JAIL AT CHARLESTOWN, ON THURSDAY NIGHT, DEC. 15, 1859.

Laura Keene's Theatre, 624 Broadway, near Houston Street.
A beautiful five act play entitled "The Wife's Secret," will be presented with entirely new scenery, new costumes, properties, &c. Press Circle Seats may be secured ONE WEEK in advance. Doors open at half past six; to commence at half past seven o'clock. Admission..... Fifty and Seven Cents.

Barnum's American Museum.—Grand Dramatic Reopening.
NEW AND POPULAR COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.
Every Afternoon at 5, and Evening at 7½ o'clock. Also the GRAND AQUARIUM, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. Admittance to all 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

Kane Monument Association COURSE OF LECTURES.

The Corporators of KANE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION take pleasure in announcing that they have perfected all necessary arrangements for the delivery of a Course of Lectures in this city, commencing early in November, and continuing weekly until the same are finished.

The course will embrace THE CIVIL WAR, at the Academy of Music, on the evening of Nov. 26th, previous to which Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS, M.D., L.L.D., will give a brief history of the Kane Monument Association.

The services of the following distinguished Lecturers have been engaged:

PROF. O. M. MITCHELL,
REV. H. R. WARD BETTER,

REV. E. H. CHAPIN,

REV. DR. CUMMING,

GEORGE W. CURTIS, ESQ.,
BAYARD TAYLOR, ESQ.,
CAPT. W. F. LYNN, U. S. N.,
H. L. HOMER, ESQ., &c.

Season tickets to the Course, admitting Lady and Gentleman, Three Dollars. One person, Two Dollars.

JOHN H. WHITE, Chairman of Lecture Committee, 109 Broadway.

List of Corporators of Kane Monument Association.

JOHN W. FRANCIS,	JOHN H. WHITE,
ROBERT L. COOK,	MARSHALL LEPPERT,
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SUSAN KELPMAN,	GEORGE P. ANDREWS,

One extra copy to the person sending a club of Five. Every additional subscription \$1.

OFFICE, 18 FRANKFORT STREET, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK DECEMBER 24 1859.

Artists and authors are invited to send to Frank Leslie comic contributions either of the pen or pencil for the *Budget of Fun*. The price to be stated when forwarded.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One Copy	17 weeks	\$ 1
One do.	1 year	\$ 3
Two do.	1 year	\$ 6
Or one Copy	2 years	\$ 5
Three Copies	1 year	\$ 6
Five do.	1 year	\$10

And an extra copy to the person sending a club of Five. Every additional subscription \$1.

Now is the Time to Subscribe.

We have just entered upon our NINTH VOLUME, and we fearlessly point to the present number as sufficient reason why now is the time to subscribe. Look through its pages, and see the evidence of that energy and enterprise which we claim and which has carried the name of our paper into the farthest corners of the world, and raised up for us correspondents, artistic and literary, every where.

The present number contains Illustrations of the Prison in Baltimore, and the Dinner therein, which only took place THREE DAYS AGO; the Execution of Cook and the others in Charlestown, Virginia, the sketch of which reached us by express TWO DAYS ago; accurate portraits of the seventeen Conspirators who were recently shot in Hayti for the Murder of President Geffray's Daughter, sent to us direct from that place; together with portraits of Helper, whose Southern Book has made such a sensation; Sherman, the Republican Candidate for the Speakership, and various matter which no other paper has or could possibly obtain. In addition to which the brilliant literary matter on every subject, Domestic and Foreign, Novels, Tales, &c., contained in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* renders it the most amusing, valuable and high-toned Family Paper in the world. This is the time to subscribe. See the beautiful new Tale.

Our Next Paper.

The coming number of our paper will be one of the most interesting and beautiful ever issued. We call the attention of the public to the fact, that they may look out for the next issue, and secure copies early.

Topics of the Week.

Lieutenant-General Scott.—The sudden and unexpected return of this "noblest Roman of them all," has put us in possession of the exact state of affairs in the remote regions of Oregon. It appears that so satisfied was he with the imprudence of General Harney in taking forcible possession of what the two Cabinets had agreed to leave in diplomatic action, that he ordered all the troops placed on the Island by Harney to return to their former quarters, merely leaving a company of soldiers on the Island to protect the settlers from the Indians. Thus everything is now as it was before Harney's blundering. We wish we could give this after the benefit of a doubt—he has damaged the American name more than a century of services such as he could render would repair—he has acted more like a harridan than an American Oliver. However, the evil is repaired as far as undoing a folly can. We most sincerely trust that his unauthorized action will not induce our Government to give way on this question. The Island of San Juan is undoubtedly American territory, and will eventually be given up to us, when the remembrance of Harney's folly is a little fainter in the public mind. It is said that Harney took his last fatal step at the suggestion of a well known Senator, whose wish to embroil us with a foreign power might be made serviceable to his chances for the Presidency. The red hot advocacy of the *Herald* of this seizure of San Juan looks very suspicious. As it is, let me assure these blasphemous editors what figure they think we cut in London and Paris, as this marching into an island to march out again? and the humiliation of sending our greatest soldier thirteen thousand miles to undo what our smallest corporal has done!

A Well Merited Tribute.—The most prominent subject of conversation has been the death of Mrs. Francesco Wood. Never has a funeral had a wider-spread sympathy evinced. Every class came to do her honor. The true wife, mother and friend, haloed by her Christian character, were crowned by the popular sympathy shown at her obsequies. It is a gratifying proof of how deeply the American heart reverences true goodness.

The Octopus.—The attachment which our adopted citizens bear to our Republic, has recently received a very marked instance in the patriotic behavior of Mrs. Bourne in declining to continue her personation of Zeta in the "Octopus." It appears that her gifted husband, not aware what a sore point the great institution is in the eyes of one half the Union, put it under the

diamond lens of his dramatic machine, and turned out with the speed and punctuality of a Gorgo, his grand tableau of the New Specie now exhibiting at the Winter Garden. Great was the howling of the press—on for—no other grape. Would it to the quick of the misapprehension of the public, the fair representation of Zeta, refuse from outraging the susceptibilities of a people who has so often delighted. We repeat, it is unique in our history, and deserves a drama on its own account.

The Death of Julian T. Stagg, so long one of our prominent socialites, has brought before us again the uncertainty of humanity. Not half a dozen years ago he was one of the most brilliant and wealthy of the circle where wit and pleasure meet. We regret to understand that his indiscriminate generosity has left his widow in a very dependent position. His failing resources only necessary to name this to awaken the sympathy of her late husband's friends. The Dramatic Fund Association owes much to his labors and contributions. It is incumbent upon them to move in this matter. Mr. Stagg was buried last Sunday week in Greenwood cemetery, the Light Guard attending his remains to their last resting-place.

Foreign News.

The news from Europe since our last has little political significance. The Congress will not meet till January, and it is not yet settled whether it is to be in Paris or London.

It is proposed to establish a line of steamers between France and Ireland. Cherbourg is to be the starting point.

The report of Nena-Safio's death is not confirmed. He is busy in raising recruits for an army.

It is supposed he means to make another dash at Lucknow. Let us hope that vengeance will overtake him this time.

From Italy we learn that the Poetry of Central Italy were held in demand at the assembly of Congress. There was also a wish expressed for the return of Garibaldi.

There are to be some changes in the Ministry at Berlin.

The King of Prussia will most probably spend the winter in England, either in the Isle of Wight or Dorsetshire.

The news from Spain is that 4,000 Moors attacked for the third time the re-doubt before Zaragoza, and were repelled. It seems singular that the Moors should be attacking the defensive.

A storm of unparalleled violence has raged in the Black Sea—since every vessel was either disabled or totally lost.

There is a rumor that the garrison of Tangier fired upon a French vessel, and that in retaliation the French had bombardé Tangier.

The *Opposition Nationale* has received a warning for an article reflecting on the Papal Power. Cardinal Antonelli will, no doubt, be the Pope's representative at the Congress.

By the America we have news from Europe to the 21. It is unimportant. The Congress is to meet about the 5th January, and it was expected Lord Palmerston himself would represent Great Britain in that Assembly. The French fleet had bombardé two forts at the entrance of Toulon for firing on a French vessel, and had then relapsed into a neutral attitude.

The Feeling in Congress.

At this particular juncture the exercise of a healthy moderation on the part of those who ride on the political whirlwind and direct the storm, cannot be too honestly or fearlessly enjoined. Since the assembling of the two Houses of Congress on the 5th inst., the country has been kept in a feverish state of anxiety as to the result of the bitter sectional feeling which at once broke out, with its usual violence, and more than its usual unanimity, on the part of the Representatives.

It is therefore two or three members in a Congress have been distinguished for their obtrusive fire-eating and general disagreement propensities; now we see a whole section forcible in denunciation of another—the ultra members of which latter seem not over anxious to get out of a mêlée, but rather to encourage and meet it. Several inflammatory speeches have been made by leading men of known courage on both sides; and the excitement at one point rose to such a height as might the next moment have resulted in bloodshed in those halls which are consecrated to the highest duties of citizenship—the most exalted examples of wisdom and peace. One of the Representatives from Illinois, deplored the scene, said, "A few more such and the crack of the pistol and the gleam of the bowie-knife would take the place of legislation;" and we are, judging at this distance, led to believe that nothing worse could happen this country than the recurrence of such scenes.

Human nature is weak; and the status of family, property, pride, are intense incitements to revenge for either real or fancied wrongs against either or all. Hence, some ebullition of feeling was not unexpected on the part of Southern members. They had a right to be plain, and to be met with equal directness. But in whatever way they were met—now that the law has meted out its rigid and upright justice on those whose actions have incited their present spirit of exactitude—they should not allow the Opposition to instigate their passions beyond the power of that conservative control for which the leading Southern men have been distinguished on the one hand, or to have been exacting, beyond the endurance of civility, on the other.

It is a remarkable phase in the political fever that the chief lessons of constitutionality thus far tendered to the House of Representatives have emanated from the "Know Nothing" party of the South—the Southern Opposition, as it is termed. Mr. Gilmore, of North Carolina, and especially Mr. Nelson, of Tennessee, made distinguished efforts to allay the foul spirit of recklessness and sectionalism which the untempered heat of party zeal had so rudely conjured up. It is noticeable also in the reports that the Republicans were marked in their approval of the tributes to the Union, while, at the same time, a leading Administrationist found fault with Mr. Nelson's appeal chiefly on the ground that it had attracted the plaudits of the North.

In the Senate, it gives us great satisfaction to remark, the debate on the Harper's Ferry Investigation Resolution of Senator Mason has been conducted in an exalted spirit of moderation. The leading men of both sides have put forth more than their usual ability, at the same time that the exigencies of the day appear to have tempered while they made keen the acute and quick intellects of that justly distinguished assembly. The convictions of each Senator were given with a pith and force sufficiently illustrative of their depth of feeling of the subject; and though bordering on a bitterness difficult to conceal, still the phraseology was guarded with a respectful knowledge of the danger of provoking personal difficulty.

The debate proves that able men can be spirited without being personal. The *National Intelligencer*, difficult to please in such matters, observes that there was a manifest disposition on the part of each Senator to accord to the other a patient and a candid hearing, with a view to the attainment of a better understanding among the members of a common Union.

In this spirit alone can legislation be furthered, and the interests of our common country attained and perpetuated.

Where are the Poor to Live?

LAST week that notorious nest of tenement-houses in the Five Points called Cow Bay was demolished, and the wretched hordes that dwelt therein driven out, like so many rats, to burrow elsewhere. One of the papers attempts to be jocular on this sudden and wholesale expulsion, while others philosophically congratulate the public that this sink of iniquity exists no longer.

They seem to forget that these poor outcasts must go somewhere; that the dissolute husband, the intemperate wife and the miserable children, who have so long had their dstitution from the eye of respectability in these horrible lazar-houses, still exist in all their want and dolor, and must find a hiding-hole, if not a resting-place, on this earth, till the jaws of the grave claims its victim.

And this brings us to the root of the evil—the want of proper habitations for the poor. One half of the vice and misery of the present time springs from this cause. There is not a more cruel and grasping class living than the landlords, whom a modern writer has appropriately called the Rent Fiends. They build the greatest number of houses on the smallest possible space, and the greatest number of rooms in each house, and in each room they crowd the greatest number of wretched beings, out of whose bone, muscle and necessities they squeeze the last farthing. Pitiless as demons, and unswerving as Juggernauts, they wring the rent of these dens from the scarce human occupants, whom they have degraded and moralized, by their grinding oppression, from human beings into mere beasts. In deed, the brute instincts alone would prevent any animal, excepting man, from enduring the pestiferousness of these dungeons of the poor. One of those who visited these abodes of squalor declares that another ten minutes' inspection would have almost made him an invalid, so truly diabolical was the scene and its surroundings.

In one room, on the top floor, was a poor bedridden man, in the last stage of consumption. When told to move he declared his total inability, and it was only when the roof was taken off that he managed to rise and throw his tattered rags about him, and crawl into the street. That it is necessary to destroy these hotbeds of crime is undoubted; but in the name of our common humanity, let not these summary clearings be made without some place being provided for the miserable inmates, rendered destitute by vice and disease. We are perfectly aware of the stereotyped argument that they have brought it upon themselves, and that as they have made their bed so they must lie. This may be true enough as far as retributive justice is concerned, but we put it to our philanthropists, who expend their energies and wealth in converting the heathens of Africa and the Fiji Islands, if a far greater demand upon their sympathy is not made by those who live and die in our midst—whose destitution and desperation render our lives insecure, and whose appalling misery is the commencement of pestilence.

If the community will not pay any attention to the voice of humanity, we trust, at least, it will to that of self-preservation, and that some immediate steps be taken to snatch our poorer citizens from the yawning tomb of those lazar-houses called tenement dwellings.

Bad School Books.

Two female teachers of two of the public schools in Washington have petitioned against the use of a certain history of the United States, on the ground that it is "too complicated" for the use of schools. We have had no opportunity of examining the work in question, but entertain no doubt that if it at all resembles the great majority of such books now in use, the complaint is perfectly well founded. A book of the kind, clearly written, in which facts are very carefully chosen and arranged in proper order, with all dates given just where they are wanted, is as great a rarity as a Pompeian manuscript. In the last work of the kind which fell into our hands—an enormously popular and greatly puffed affair—we found the task of making anything like a clear abridgment from it almost impossible. Chapters in the middle of the book detailed events which should have found place in the beginning, while dates were scarce as plums in a "poverty pudding." It was practically a humbug.

Now, if there are any works to which the utmost pains and time should be devoted to make them easily intelligible, it is to those used in schools. This fact is too evident to require elaboration. The talents of the greatest historians who have ever lived would have been better applied, so far as "the greatest good for the greatest number is concerned," had they been devoted to actually writing for schools or for young students. It would at least be no degradation to intellectual dignity, if after composing some "great work," authors would abridge and simplify it with special reference to the wants of tender minds. For this latter task is one which requires as much genius as the former. A fact is as hard to get at for a child as for a scholar, and proper sifting and classification are laborious for a school book as for the most ponderous tomes of reference. This was well understood and acted on by the great scholars of the Revival of Letters, many of whom, like Erasmus, did not disdain to prepare works of the most elementary kind. It is time there was another revival in this respect, and a more general comprehension of the great truth, that of all sciences, Education, which at present is the most undeveloped, should take the lead and absorb the greatest talent. What is education but the preparation of the whole intellectual future of society?

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

Some of the gentlemen who write for the press have singular ideas. One of the *Herald's* columnists says: "Skating is by no means a difficult art; it only requires courage, quickness of eye and delicacy of taste to render the performance elegant." We rather imagine these are seldom found in one man. We don't see what delicacy of taste has to do with skating.

Another paper in recording the death of a well-known novelist says, he died in a state of destitution, being engaged on a series of papers for the ——, as the one fully accounted for the other.

The *Express* writes of the grammar of the *Express* as worse than its grammar and spelling—even its editorials now are slangy. In an article on England the other day is the following sentence:

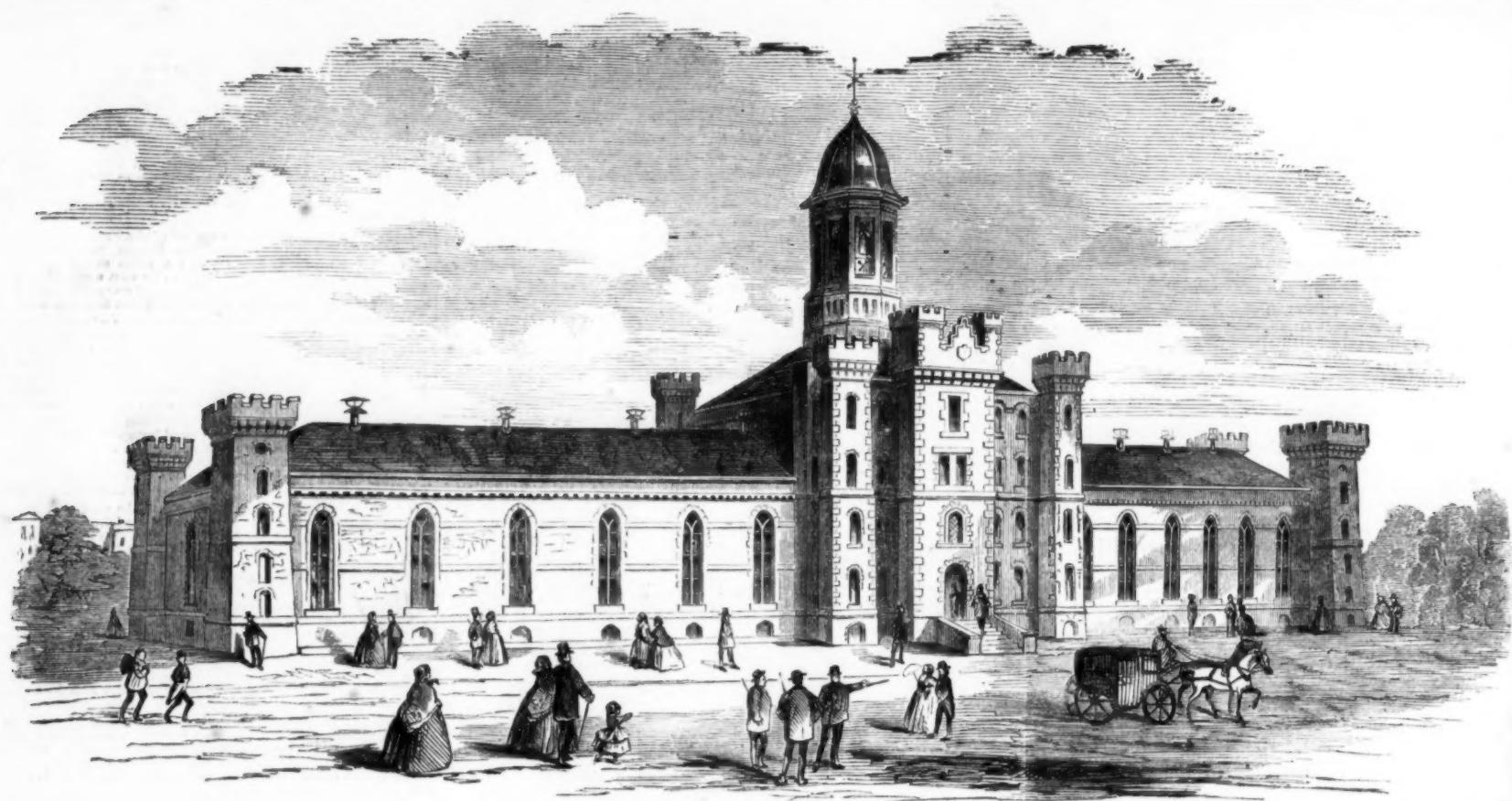
"Look here, John! Brother Jonathan thinks a good deal of you, but he would think still more of you if you would attend to your own 'honor' in China, and let him alone. As soon as you wipe out the disgrace of the whipping the Chinese gave you on the Pooh, it will be time enough, then, to lecture us—not before. The United States will take care of its own 'honor.'"

Will the *Express* take care of its own grammar?

That meritorious actor, Nedde, has lately been starring at the New Comedy Theatre. Last Monday he produced a play of his own entitled, "Harriet, or, the Maid's Leap." We suppose he meant the last title to apply to his lap into the saddle of Pegase. He is about visiting London—so advised him not to be his own drama ist.

The Richmond *Enquirer* and the New York *Daily Times* have lately had a spar. The *Enquirer* advised the *Times* to do right and justice at the North, which the *Times* naively declares to be a task altogether beyond its strength.

We regret to perceive that General Harney, whose rashness led to our recent occupation of San Juan, which has resulted in the humiliation of retracing our steps, is to be left in command upon the departure of Lieutenant-General



THE NEW CITY PRISON, BALTIMORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.

THE NEW JAIL FOR THE CITY OF BALTIMORE.

We present this week an accurate and splendid engraving of the new jail just erected in the city of Baltimore. It is an extensive and very handsome building, massively constructed and built of the most enduring material.

It is located on the "old jail lot," in the northern part of the city, east of Jones's Falls and on the north side of Madison street, adjoining the lot of the Maryland Penitentiary.

The site is a good one, being easy of access from all parts of the city and convenient to the court-house and penitentiary. There is ample space on all sides for a free circulation of air. The lot has a gentle ascent to the north and east, and a dry self-draining gravel sub-soil. Its proximity to Jones's Falls, and its elevation above the water level, affords the best means of drainage.

The jail comprises a centre building, and north and south wings.

There is a block of cells in each of the two wings, fifteen cells in length, two in width and five stories in height, making three hundred cells in the two wings, for the confinement of prisoners.

These two wings are on what is known as the Auburn plan, being

a prison within a prison; the cells being surrounded by corridors formed between the block of cells and the exterior walls.

The cells are eight feet by eleven feet, and about ten feet high. The corridors are thirteen feet wide.

All of the cells above the first story are reached by galleries and staircases of iron.

Light and air are admitted in abundance by the large windows in the exterior walls.

There is a tank in the upper story of each of the four towers, to insure a constant and adequate supply of water.

The guard-room in the centre building is fifty-seven feet six inches by fifty-nine feet six inches, and about thirty-eight feet high, and is separated from the wings by heavy iron screens or gratings, to confine the prisoners to the corridors and galleries of each wing at such times as they may be allowed privileges outside of the cells; these screens are constructed so as not to obstruct the view into the wings from the guard-room. The corridors, stairs and galleries of the wings all being in full view from the guard-room—the floor of which is on a level with the lower gallery of the wings, and is formed of one hundred and forty-four plates of cast iron, supported on rolled

iron beams, so arranged as to form a bearing for all of the four sides of each plate, the beams being supported by nine iron columns and the four side walls. The guard-room is lighted by three very large windows. The only entrance to either the north or south wing is through the guard-room.

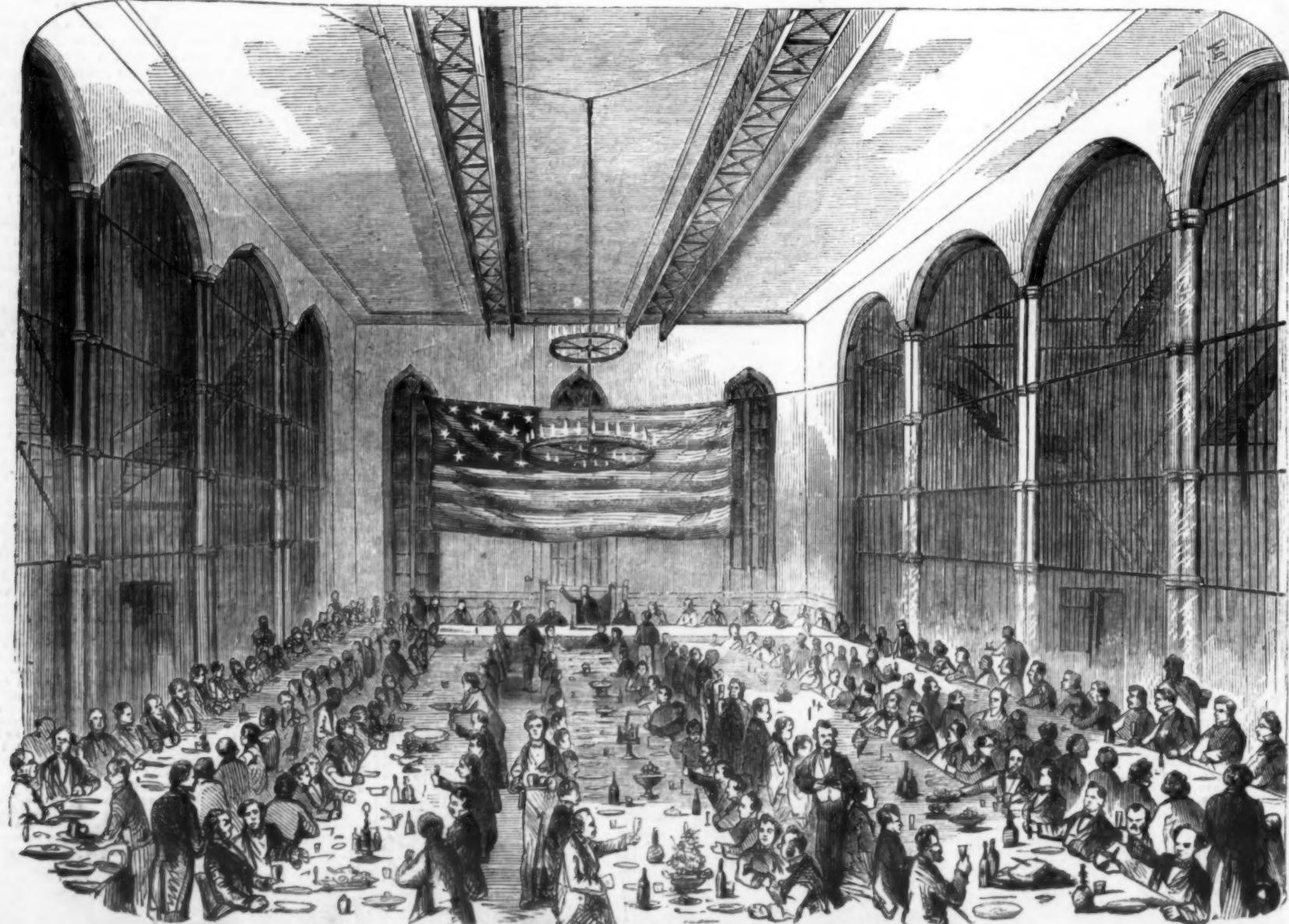
The kitchen, in which all of the cooking, baking, washing, &c., will be done, is under the guard-room and on a level with the first story of cells, and is the same size as the guard-room, and eleven feet high.

The cooking and the heating water for the various purposes is all to be done by steam, and the baking in two brick ovens.

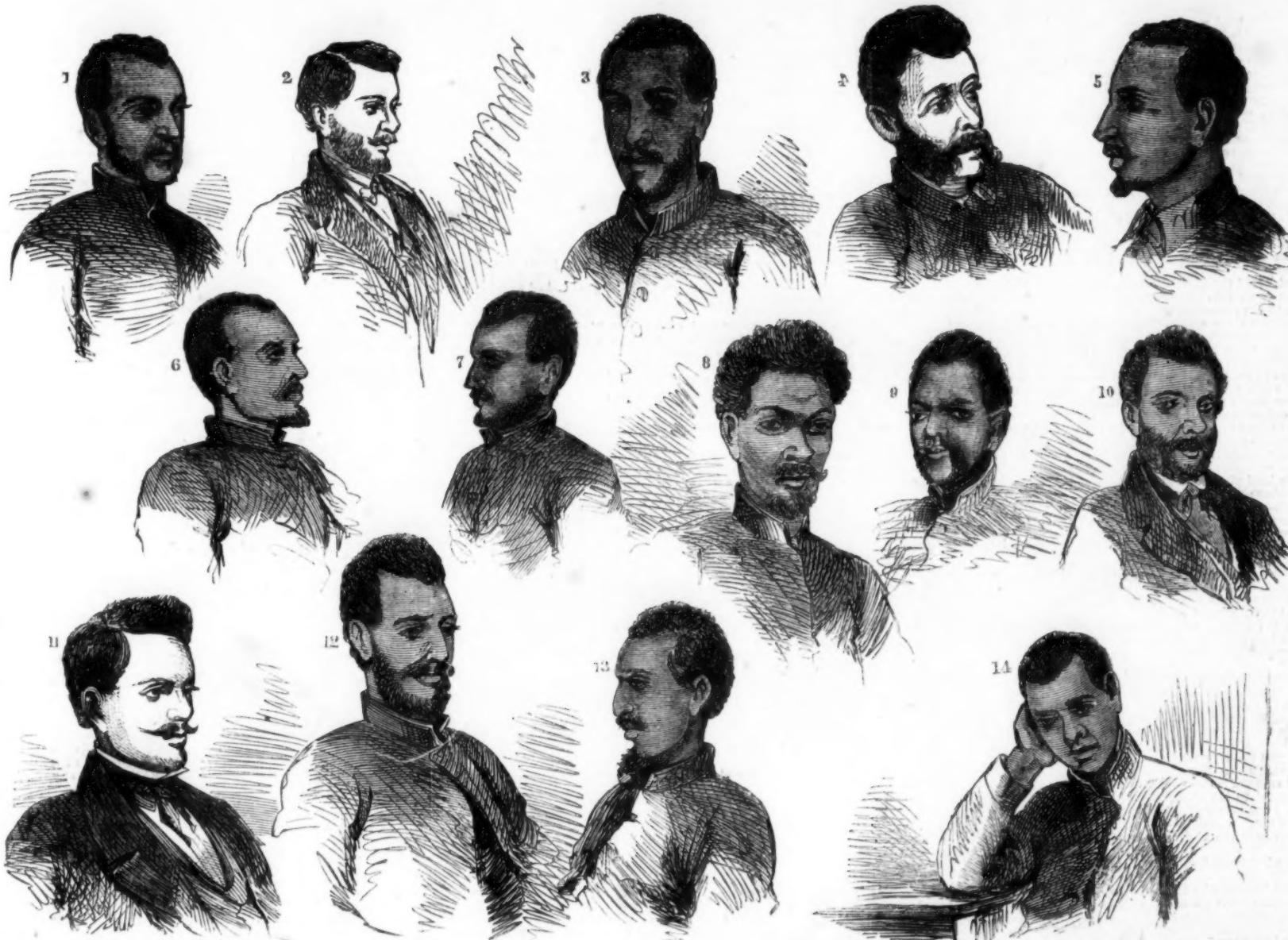
There are six rooms in the front part of the centre building for the confinement of witnesses, or for privilege-rooms, four of which are about twenty feet square, and the other two about fifteen feet square.

There are three hospital-rooms in the upper story of the front part of the centre building, with every necessary convenience.

The chapel is in the upper part of the centre building over the guard-room, it will seat over four hundred persons, there is an entrance to it from each of the wings and also from the front part of



GRAND BANQUET GIVEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW CITY PRISON, BALTIMORE.



1. Arminier Cocotte (black), Chef de Bureau à la Trésorerie Générale. 2. Thébaud Morisset (mulatto). 3. Valmé Cocotte (black), Colonel, Aide-de-Camp du President. 4. Joseph Montalé (mulatto), Adjutant-Général. 5. Analyse Ulysse (black), Colonel et Contrôleur à la Douane du Port au Prince. 6. Louis Céstin (black), Membre du Conseil. 7. Georges Bellegarde (black), Commandant, Aide-de-Camp du President. 8. Léandre Denis (mulatto), Colonel, Aide-de-Camp du President. 9. Louis Juste Cochoote (black), Sous-Lieutenant, Aide-de-Camp du President. 10. Marie-Joseph Salmon Zamor (mulatto), Propriétaire domicilié au Port au Prince. 11. Joseph Isardy (light mulatto), Coupier d'Acajou, Lieutenant, Aide-de-Camp du President. 12. Joseph Batraville (black), Juge au Tribunal Civil du Port au Prince. 13. Dusasse Hippolyte (black), Colonel, Aide-de-Camp du President. 14. Sébastien Cochet (black), Lieutenant, Aide-de-Camp du President.

PORTRAITS OF THE CONSPIRATORS, LATELY SHOT IN PORT AU PRINCE, FOR MURDERING PRESIDENT GEFFARD'S DAUGHTER.—FROM SKETCHES BY F. M. BUMPLER, ESQ., OF PORT AU PRINCE—SEE PAGE 61.

THE MYSTERY; OR, THE GIPSY GIRL OF KOTSWOLD.

A ROMANCE BY J. F. SMITH,

CHAPTER VI.

OLIVER BRANDRETH was one of those boys who, at a very early age, accustom themselves to take a practical view of things; no bad lesson to begin with or steer by to the end. He saw that neither

the coachman nor the box passenger, whom he had seriously offended, were likely to prove his friends, and he determined to rely upon himself.

"Phil," he whispered, "we must leave the Express; there is no help for it. At the first town it will be all up with us. I shouldn't mind Tremblet alone. Don't look so spoony," he added, impatiently; "what are you thinking of?"

"You," replied the youth, his eyes filled with tears. "The trouble you have had—the dangers you have run for my sake."

"Well, never mind them now," observed his friend, in a gentler tone. "It will only make us both feel soft-hearted, and we require all our pluck, I can tell you. It will never do to be taken back. What would Voules, Clive and the rest of the boys say?"

"What can we do?" demanded his companion, in a helpless tone.



TIMO-RAN BANON, CAPITAINE À L'ETAT MAJOR GENERAL, THE MURDERER OF PRESIDENT GEFFARD'S DAUGHTER.

the centre building: it is about twenty-two feet high, well lighted and ventilated, and so planned that the prisoners can be separated into classes if deemed desirable. The chapel floor is supported by two double lattice wrought iron girders.

There are ventilating flues and ejecting ventilators constructed in all parts of the centre building, and all of the windows and other openings throughout are made secure by wrought iron gratings. All of the floors are on iron beams and brick arches. The building is thoroughly fireproof in all parts, except the chapel and roof framing, and is warmed by steam from two large boilers located in the boiler-house on the east side of the jail, and lighted at night by gas. There is a thorough system of drainage from all of the waste pipes, soil pipes and rain water pipes, through brick drains and sewers to Jones's Falls, a stream running within two hundred feet of the jail.

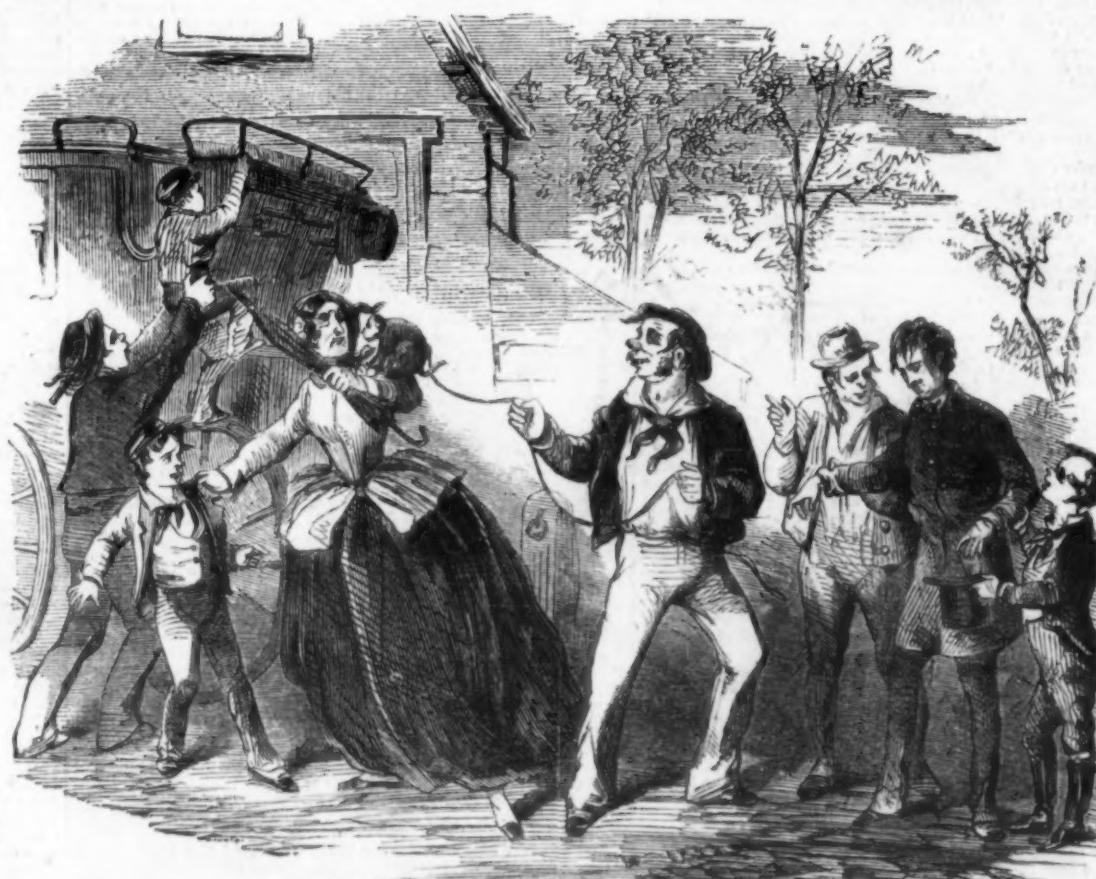
The entrance gateway and lodge, the clerk's office and the residence for the warden are on the south side of the jail lot, fronting on Madison street.

The architectural style of the building is castellated Gothic, and presents in the durable stone of which the building is erected those simple, yet bold, strong and massive features which convey the idea of fitness.

The architects of the prison are Thomas and J. M. Dixon, of Baltimore, and the contractors for the building are John W. Maxwell & Co.

A grand banquet was given on Wednesday evening, December 14th, in the prison, in honor of the completion of the work, which was attended by many of the most eminent citizens of Baltimore. It was a brilliant gathering, and many eloquent speeches were made, which were received with great favor and applause.

An evening paper says that the Rev. John Cotton Smith, of Boston, has received and accepted a call to the Rectorship of the Church of the Ascension in Fifth Avenue. He will commence his ministrations there in a few weeks.



"Take it away," she shrieked, "take it away! How dare the nasty thing! My best bonnet, too!"

"Climb over the roof of the coach," answered Oliver, firmly, "and drop down behind."

"You forget the sailors—the guard."

"I don't think the sailors will interfere with us," said the courageous lad. "As for the guard, we must try what a time will do. Don't be frightened," he added, "and hold fast by the rail."

The somewhat perilousfeat was accomplished without accident. The two seamen, when they saw what they were about, good-naturedly assisted them.

"Ho!" exclaimed the elder, a bluff-looking fellow, with weather-beaten features. "Tired of being at the fore?"

Oliver hurried, and having recovered breath, was about to descend first, in order to assist his companion, or catch him in the event of his falling, when the guard interfered, declaring that he would not suffer him to quit the coach.

"And by what right do you pretend to detain me?" demanded the high-spirited boy, with a look of defiance.

"You have not paid your fare."

"We are quite willing to do so," replied the youth, feeling for his money.

"It's not that," said the man; "there's a gentleman inside whose permission you must ask. They have run away from school," he added, turning to the passengers.

"Hew!" whistled the sailor, "slipped cable and cut without lifting anchor. I'm glad it ain't no worse. Love my eyes, I never could abide school myself when a youngster, could you, Tom?"

This was addressed to his friend with the monkey.

"Sooner ship in a collar," answered his mate, evidently like himself, a man-of-war's man. "Howsomever, there must be such places, or where would the skippers get their larning?"

"And what did you cut for?"

"Because my friend here was ill-used by the master, who, fault or no fault, sent him to sleep in a cold, damp cellar till every boy in the school cried 'shame!' on him. It is my belief that he wanted to kill him."

"The rascally land pirate!" exclaimed the elder tar, indignantly. "Is that the lubber skulking below in the hold? Only let him show his mug on deck—that's all!"

"The gentleman inside is one of the ushers," observed the guard.

"What's a usher?"

"A sort of lieutenant," said his companion. "I only wish we had him on board the Agamemnon!"

The countenance of Oliver flushed joyously. It was the name of the ship his father, a post-captain in the navy, commanded.

"Do you belong to the Agamemnon?" he eagerly demanded.

"Do you hear that, Tom?" shouted the sailor. "This cock-boat wants to know if I belong to the Agamemnon! Why, I wor all but launched in her, and hope to die in her!"

"You kn—w my father, then?"

"Can't say?"

"Captain Brandreth," added the youth, impetuously. "You must know him, if you belong to the Agamemnon."

"You his son?" shouted the sailor. "You ain't spinnin' a yarn to make a fool of me, are you, youngster? Let's overhaul you. It is the skipper's bigger-head sure enough, and just his build, only cutter-rigged. Well, I'm blown! and so the crimp in the hold wants to sail on with you back to school agin, does he? Let him try it. I hope he will, that's all! Tom!"

"All right!" said the man with the monkey. "We ain't agoin' to let this skulking pirate cut out these tight little craft under our very guns, are we?"

"I should say not," was the response.

"Did you ever hear the captain tell of me?" asked the former speaker.

Oliver reflected for an instant, and then broke into a hearty laugh.

"Are you Jack Shears, who tied the little commandant in a bread bag, and then swam off with him to the admiral's ship?" he demanded.

"That's it."

"Then I have heard my father speak of you," replied the youth; "he told the story at a dinner-party, when I was home for my holidays."

"Dame, though?" said the sailor, highly gratified. "It was in the last war. That was the time to be alive—plenty of grog and prize money. The skipper was only a middy then, and now he is a post-captain, and deserves to be an admiral—long live to him! We wor in the West Indies—plague hot, and sharp work. Howsoever, we took the fort; and the first lieutenant says to me, 'Jack,' says he, 'take the manseer on board the flag-ship.' All right, your honor," says I; so I marched him down to the beach. The boats wer gone, and the Frenchman wouldn't take to the water—it don't come natural to 'em, I suppose—so I just shoved him into a bread-bag, and swam off with him."

"You should have heard how he sputtered and sneezed, when I shot him out upon the quarter-deck."

As the sailor finished his yarn, the Express drove up at a roadside inn, where the passengers were to breakfast, and the coach change horses.

"Won't your honor put in for provision?" demanded Jack Shears, touching his hat respectfully.

Oliver hesitated; probably he did not think it quite prudent to descend. The honest fellow, thinking he might be short of money, pulled out a handful of silver, with two or three sovereigns as well, and without counting them, thrust them into his pocket.

"It's not that, Jack," said the boy, gratefully; "my locker is not quite empty. I was thinking of—"

"The lubber in the hold; all right, safe under convoy."

The speaker descended with that cat-like agility peculiar to his profession, and the two youths unhesitatingly followed him. Neither of their fellow-passengers joined them at breakfast; poor Phil, who from time to time cast anxious glances at the window, saw Mr. Tremblet in close conversation with the ostler and one of the stable boys.

As the youths quitted the inn, closely followed by the two sailors, the usher and his allies confronted them. He was one of those very prudent young men who are valiant only with the weak, and had settled with the ostler and stable boy, whom he had bribed to assist him, that they should secure Oliver Brandreth whilst he took charge of his companion.

"So I have caught you, young gentlemen, have I?" he exclaimed, grasping poor Phil, who trembled like a frightened bird in the clutches of a hawk, by the collar. "Seize the other."

The other, however, manifested his repugnance to being seized by planting a couple of blows so rapidly upon the ostler's organs of vision, that the surrounding objects appeared dancing before him to the accompaniment of a flash of lightning.

"The young varmint!" he muttered.

The observation might not have been elegant, but it expressed the speaker's opinion of Oliver's prowess, in which the stable-boy evidently shared, for he hung back.

"Did you see that, Tom?" shouted Shears. "Right into the lubber's bigger-head! Love my eyes, if the captain could only have seen him, wouldn't he have felt as proud as a new-made lieutenant the first day he mounts the gilt swab. What are you overhauling that craft for?" he added, turning his eye to Mr. Tremblet.

"My good man," replied the usher, very mildly, "these youths have run away from Mr. Danby's academy, where young gentlemen are liberally boarded and carefully educated."

"Boarded!" interrupted the sailor, catching at the only word he understood. "I know you've boarded—where's your commission?"

"My what?"

"Your papers. That's according to the articles of war, I think, Tom!"

His messmate nodded approvingly.

"Papers," repeated the bewildered gentleman; "I have no papers."

"I thought as much," exclaimed the tar, in a tone of contempt. "Not even a privateer; a regular pirate! Unhook your grapping irons, and sheer off."

"I must take them back to school with me."

"Two words to that," said Jack, placing his iron gripes upon his neck, in the great disengagement of Mr. Tremblet's well starched cravat. "You won't, won't you?"

A single shake released the prisoner from the hands of his captor, who tried to gasp out the words "complaint" and "help."

"Up the rigging with you," cried the man with the monkey. "Look alive, youngster; we'll keep the decks clear."

Neither the coachman nor the guard thought it prudent to interfere, but the unfortunate usher found an ally where, probably, he least expected one—in the box passenger, who, after shouting merrily, began to lay about her vigorously with her umbrella.

This diversion put the sailors more than an attack from the gunners of the Regent's Park world have

done. Gallantry would not allow them to lay hands upon a woman. She had already secured Phil in her Amazonian grasp when Tom thought of the monkey. Lengthening the cord that held the animal he permitted it to spring upon her shoulders, where it clung, screaming and chattering with delight, as if it understood and maliciously enjoyed terror.

"Take it away," she shrieked, "take it away! How dare the nasty thing? My best bonnet, too!"

"Let go of the young gentleman first, mama," coolly answered the sailor.

Fright mastered her temper, and the strong-minded female quivered her grasp on Phil, who, urged and assisted by Oliver, mounted to his old place at the back of the coach.

His friend rapidly followed him.

A last desperate effort, which ended as most desperate efforts generally do—in defeat, was made by Mr. Tremblet and his allies to prevent their escape. One blow from Jack Spears' right upper sent the usher sprawling into the filthy horsepond, where he continued calling frantically for help till the dirty stagnant water all but choked him.

"Time's up!" cried the coachman, who, with the guard, had prudently remained neutral. "Can't wait."

"Jump up!" said the guard.

Mr. Tremblet, whom the usher and grinning stable-boy had huncruncly dragged from the horsepond, looked as if he would never jump again. His face was much whiter than his cravat in its present state, and no wonder either. Like Macbeth, "he had sup'd full with horrors," and his state of man,

L'ye to a little king I suffered them
The nature of an un erection.

"I shall bring an action against you," he spluttered forth at last. "Ugh! you have spilt my clothes, and—"

"Action," repeated Jack, who understood the word only in its nautical sense: "if you ain't satisfied we are quite ready to renew the engagement. Ain't we, Tom?"

"I should say we won't," replied his messmate; "and if the lady at the fore will only be good enough to hold Jack—"

The strong-minded female had had enough of Jacko, and expressed her dissent to the arrangement by opening her oil-skin umbrella, and holding it as a buckler over her back.

"Help me into the hotel," said the discomfited usher, mournfully.

"I am too ill to proceed any further."

"Ten minutes behind time," shouted the guard.

"All right," answered the coachman, giving his impatient horses the reins. "Hew—now then—gently, gently!"

As the Express drove off, the two sailors gave a hearty cheer, in which Oliver Brandreth joined. As for his schoolfellow, he was still too much bewildested, and under the influence of fear, to express satisfaction at their escape.

"That land pirate!" exclaimed the elder seaman, "won't follow any longer in our wake. I thought he was going to show fight again. Lord love your little honor," he added, turning to the son of his commander, "how pleased the captain would have been if he had seen you pitching into the lubber's figure head."

"Perhaps not," said the guard.

"How do you make that out?" Show your bearings."

"Few gen— their sons running away from school," observed the guard.

The jolly tar looked at Oliver as if he expected him to answer an objection quite out of his intellect.

"Never mind him," said the youth; "he belongs to a coach, not to a ship—couldn't tell a slop from a frigate, a spar from a mainmast. How should he know what a thorough-bred sailor like my father will say?"

Jack Spears looked at the guard with an expression of pity, as if grieved to think such a fearful state of ignorance should exist in a Christian land.

"How, indeed?" asked the man with the monkey, to whom the reasoning of Oliver Brandreth appeared equally unanswerable. "Land-men does everything contrariwise. They steer from the bows of the vessel," he added, pointing to the coachman, "instead of the stern, and never take an observation to guide us. I often wonder they don't miss port."

"Providence, Tom," suggested his messmate. "It's Providence as takes care on 'em—she is the regular nurse of landsmen and midwives, and a precious time the old gal has on it."

"When did you slip cable and cut?" demanded the speaker, addressing himself to the boy.

"Two days since," replied Oliver, who generally had to answer both for himself and companion.

"And where did you swing your hammock last night?"

"First in barn."

"My eyes! the skipper's son in a barn!"

"But we were disturbed there," added the youth, with a shudder, and passed the rest of the night at Rockingham Hall."

"Where?" exclaimed the guard, in a tone of surprise.

Oliver Brandreth repeated the name of the mansion again.

"I hope you sleep soundly?"

"Very," answered Philip Blandford, wondering at the silence of his friend. "I never once opened my eyes till morning."

"You were lucky," observed the guard, dryly.

Captain Brandreth saw from the hesitation of the speaker that something extraordinary had occurred.

"Out with it, Jack!" he exclaimed; "never tack when you can sail direct to the windward; that's not like a sailor."

"No more it is, your honor," answered the seaman, giving his lower rigging a professional hitch. "Well, then, I and Tom—your honor remembers Tom—shipped ourselves on board one of these land crafts they call a coble, to bring us to London. Tom had been down with me to see his sweetheart, who lives in the same parts as my old mother. The voyage was about half over when two more passengers secured berths on board. One on 'em was your honor's son."

"My son? Impossible!" exclaimed the father of Oliver.

"Swear to the build," said Jack, "no mistake about that. Well, your honor, there was a sort of land pirate in the hold they called a usher, as wanted to overhaul and take 'em back to school. Love my eyes, if you had only seen how the youngster struck out, it would have done your honor's heart good; you wouldn't have doubted his being your son then. Of course," continued the speaker, "Tom and I went agoin' to see the son of our commander cut out from under our guns, so we let fly a broadside, disabled the enemy, and convoyed the young gentleman up to London."

During this explanation the features of Captain Brandreth had alternately flushed and become exceedingly pale.

"Where is he?" he demanded, sternly.

"In the offing, your honor," replied the sailor, who saw that something was wrong. "Love my eyes, but he—"

"Send him to me," interrupted his commander, in the same harsh tone.

Jack pulled the grizzly curl that hung over his forehead by way of salute, and scudding out of the room joined the boys and his messmate, Tom, in the garden.

"Well," said Oliver, who had been waiting his return impatiently, "have you seen my father?"

"His honor is in his cabin," answered the seaman. "Look out for squalls—it's blowing great guns," he added.

The boy sighed, and darted into the house.

"Stand back!" exclaimed Captain Brandreth, as the youth entered the room. "Before I take your hand, I must feel assured that it is not dishonored—that no mean, despicable, unworthy conduct has rendered the extraordinary step you have taken in quitting school without my sanction inevitable."

Tears of wounded pride and affection started to the eyes of Oliver, but by a strong effort he repressed them. He knew that his father loved him devotedly, tenderly, but from some reason, suspicion or idiosyncrasy he never could account for, labored under the fixed idea that he would one day dishonor him.

"You are silent," added his parent, bitterly. "Am I not worthy of an answer, sir?"

"My presence is my answer," replied the boy, respectfully, yet sorrowfully. "Do you think I should have found courage to stand before you and offer you my hand, if by word or thought, much more by action, I had incurred your suspicions? I quitted school, sir, not on my own account, for I had nothing to complain of, but because I'm Elandford, the son of your old friend and shipmate, who died in Ind in ten years ago, was badly, cruelly used by the masters. They kept him in a cold, damp cellar, till every lad cried 'shame!' It was a plot between his father-in-law, Sir Aubrey Fairclough and Mr. Danby to murder him—for his money, I suppose. There is something about money in the letter."

"What letter?" demanded his father, mildly; for his heart already reproached him for his groundless doubts.

"One Sir Aubrey directed by mistake to Phil instead of the master," answered Oliver. "There it is, sir. Read it, and judge if I

have acted unworthily. You wrote to me," continued the youth, "to be kind to poor Phil—to love him as a brother; and so—I got him out of the cellar, ran away with him, and brought him home with me, sir, thinking you would have done the same by his father when you were schoolfellows together."

"My boy, my noble-hearted boy!" exclaimed Captain Brandreth, clasping Oliver to his heart. "Forgive me the pain I have caused you. I was not always the suspicious, fear-haunted being you have known me. I will uproot the passion from my mind, dismiss the hollow doubt from my heart. From this hour there shall be confidence—perfect confidence between us."

His son tried to smile through his tears, which had fallen at last, but the attempt was a failure. He had listened to such promises before.

"And where is your companion?" asked his father.

"In the garden, sir, with the two sailors. I thought it best to see you first alone."

The words were not intended as an allusion to his unjust suspicions, but the captain could not avoid feeling them as such, and they added to the bitterness of his self-reproaches.

"Let us seek him then," he replied, placing his hand affectionately upon his shoulder, "let us seek him."

"All right and a fair wind to the fore," cried Jack Spears, when he saw the changed expression of his commander's features. "The gale has blown over. Love thy eyes, Tom, if it ain't been a stiff 'un, and no mistake about it, but the little cockboat has weathered it."

Nothing could be more kind and gentle than the words with which the captain welcomed the son of his old friend, who all this time had been waiting the return of his schoolfellow in doubt and trembling. He was naturally of a timid, retiring disposition. The treatment he had been subject to had crushed the little spirit he once possessed.

"Oliver has told me all," said the gentleman; "you were quite right to escape from such cruelty. I approve of my son's conduct in every respect."

"I wonder if he knows about shooting the gipsy," thought Phil.

"Come with me to the house," added the speaker; "it must be your home till I can communicate with your guardians, and the affair has been properly investigated."

"You have not heard our adventures after we ran away," said Oliver.

His father smiled, believing he alluded to the affair with the usher, which he looked upon in anything but a serious light.

"Your honor ain't really angry with the youngsters after all," exclaimed the elder seaman, whose mind felt greatly relieved.

"Not in the least, Jack."

"Huzza! Love my eyes, if your honor had only seen him it would have done your heart good, as it did mine. Once—two—straight as a ball from one of the Argymenon's fore guns, right into the lubber's finger head—bang! bang!"

By way of illustrating his description, the sailor struck his clenched fist, which might have felled an ox, twice into the palm of his left hand, which he extended at full length as a target to receive the blows.

The speakers adjourned to the house, the two seamen to the kitchen, with orders from their commander that they should be made comfortable for the night.

On entering the drawing-room, poor Phil Blandford could not help contrasting the affectionate manner in which Mrs. Dalton received him with since her marriage with Sir Aubrey; and yet Mrs. Dalton was only Oliver's aunt, whilst Lady Fairclough was his own mother.

"Why did you not write to me, my dear boy?" said the first-named lady, as she kissed her nephew. "I am grieved to think of what you must have endured."

Before the youth could reply, a beautiful girl, about five years of age, the speaker's only child, came bounding into the room. She had heard of her cousin's return, and broke away from her governess to see him.

"Oliver! dear Oliver!" exclaimed the little fairy, springing into his arms, and nestling her head upon his shoulders. "I am so glad you are come home. Mademoiselle wanted me to go to bed without seeing you, but I could not have slept. Only to think," she added, clapping her hands and laughing, "holidays are come, holidays are come. I am so happy. Uncle has given me a pair of such beautiful doves. You shall have one of them. And my doll has grown so pretty, you won't know her again; will he, mamma?"

"Scarcely," replied her mother, with a smile.

"Who is that?" asked the child, pointing to Phil.

"That young gentleman is your cousin's friend and schoolfellow, Isabel," answered her uncle; "but you must not ask any more questions now. They have travelled a long way, are tired, and I dare say very hungry."

"Hungry!" repeated the little creature, "and I have eaten all my cake. I am so sorry."

"They require something more substantial than cake," observed Mrs. Dalton, "and here it comes."

The two runaways did ample justice to the supper the old butler put before them. As soon as they had finished, the kind-hearted woman insisted on their retiring to rest.

"But you have not heard, my dear aunt, why we ran away from school," said Oliver, "and I would not for the world you should misjudge me."

"Your father will tell me," replied the lady. "You would not, I am well assured, have taken so serious a step without sufficient reason; therefore, my mind is perfectly at rest upon that account."

The youth regarded her with grateful affection, and mentally wished that his parent had shown equal confidence in him.

"How I should like to run away from mademoiselle," exclaimed Isabel.

"And leave me?" said her mother, reprovingly.

The child ran to her, threw her arms about her neck, and kissed her.

"I wish we could all run away from her, mamma—you, uncle, Oliver."

Evidently the French governess was no favorite with her pupil, who consented at last to return to her, on a promise of being permitted to breakfast with the family instead of breakfasting in the nursery the following morning.

Although Captain Brandreth naturally felt anxious to hear the sequel to his son's adventures, he resolutely repressed the wish, and bade him retire for the night.

"Your confidence in that boy is extraordinary," he observed to his sister, as soon as they were alone; "no doubt, no uneasiness."

"Not the slightest," answered Mrs. Dalton, who being perfectly aware of the one fixed idea which troubled her brother's mind, invariably expressed herself in a manner to disabuse him of it; "my nephew will never disgrace the name he bears. Is he not truth itself?" she added.

"Yes."

"The very soul of honor?"

"At present I believe—I trust he is."

"George, you are unjust," exclaimed his sister, warmly. "Such suspicions are more akin to folly than to wisdom. I have watched Oliver from his earliest years with a woman's tact, almost a mother's love, and never yet discovered one thought or feeling to degrade him. In trifling with the affection of your son you trifle with your own happiness."

"The basal seeds of dishonor are in his nature," murmured Captain Brandreth. "They only want the rising of the hot sun of manhood and passion to germinate and bring forth their bitter fruit."

"Have you forgotten who was his mother?" he added, gloomily.

"Poor Adelaide," sighed Mrs. Dalton; "would I had been in England when—"

"There," interrupted her brother, passionately, "there, you justify her."

"I thought we had agreed never to speak upon that subject again," observed his sister, mildly. "George, I cannot dissemble with my convictions. You acted wrongly, very wrongly, by your unhappy wife. Instead of loading her with reproaches, driving her from your presence and separating her from her child, when accused of a mean and despicable theft, it was your duty to have supported and defended her."

"She fled," groaned the captain, "from the house she had disgraced. What further proof of guiltiness do you require? Were not the paupers' trinkets found in her dressing-case?"

"I have heard so!"

"And did not Hawes, the jeweller, refuse to prosecute, out of respect for my name and family?"

"He made the accusation openly enough," answered Mrs. Dalton, pointedly. "Had I been her husband he should have brought the case to trial."

"And left a record—a brand never to be effaced, upon the honor and the name of Brandreth," exclaimed her brother. "I can un-

derstand your coolness upon the subject," he added, sarcastically; "you no longer bear the name."

"But I am equally proud of it, George," replied the warm-hearted woman. "Do not misjudge me. I would pour balm upon your wounds, not irritate them. Let me not lose a brother for defending his son against his unjust suspicions. Oliver, at least, has not disgraced the name he bears."

"Forgive me," cried the unhappy man. "If you knew how hard it was to bear the hand of unmerited disgrace, to feel the finger of scorn pointed at you; to know that the very men who stand behind your chair, chats with his fellows about your shame, makes sport of it; to meet the inquiring look, the glance from eye to eye when your name is first pronounced in the ears of your equals, you would pity instead of blaming me."

"This is a morbid, not a healthful sense of honor, George," observed his sister. "I pity you far more for wanting faith in your own child; the being coined of yourself; stamped by God in your own image, for never did a son more resemble his father than Oliver resembles you."

"In feature perhaps he does."

"In heart and mind; in love of truth," added his aunt. "How nobly he has acted by his young schoolfellow."

"Yes; in that instance he certainly has."

"Again!" exclaimed Mrs. Dalton. "George, you are incorrigible."

"Good night!" said her brother. "You are a skillful advocate, and almost persuade me that my fears are visionary."

"Would that I could quite persuade you," replied his sister.

(To be continued.)

HOLLAND LODGE SUPPER.

All of our Masonic readers, and doubtless thousands who are not Masons, have heard of that old and distinguished Masonic organization in the city of New York, known as "Holland Lodge, No. 8." Deriving its charter in the year 1781 from the Prince of Orange, it has held on its way, through varying fortunes, until now it presents itself before the Masonic world more powerful and prosperous than ever.

Many eminent persons have belonged to this ancient Lodge. Among its earliest masters were De Witt Clinton, John Jacob Astor and Chancellor Sandford. Other Masters were all well known to old New York, among whom were the names of Meyer, Vanderhook, Voorhees, Giese, John Stagg, Jan, J. H. Pirard, J. H. Abrams, William H. Duer, William Irving, J. N. Ewer, Irving, Abraham Lo, Stephen P. Wilton, Edmund Kort, Gut, Edward Seaman and Thomas Longworth. Elias Hicks was Master of the Lodge thirteen years, of which ten were consecutive. Throughout the troublous years, between 1823 and 1845, our respected fell-writer, Bertram R. Wimberly, was Master, and presided over the large W. D. & C. Orphans' Fund of the Lodge. It is to the gentleman's good taste that the Lodge owes its regularity and regularity.

Among the early members are such names as Cooper, Wilmotting, Benson, Huntington, Fay, Lawrence, Gardner, Kinnaird, Edward Livingston, M. M. Claiborne, V. E. Scobell, David Jones, Onderdonk, Moore, R. Hartman, McLean, Van Wyck, Ogden, Varick, B. B. Van Slyck, Gideon, N. Leon, and others so numerous to mention. If we should add to mention a title of the influential citizens who have been members of Old Holland, it would be a tedious business. We may say however, that almost all the descendants of old New York families may find the names of their ancestors enshrined on the rocks of Holland Lodge.

At the present time Holland Lodge numbers one hundred and ten Master Masons, and additions are being constantly made. Whatever may have been the past glories of the institution, we will venture to assert that it never presented a stronger array of good names than at the present time. Commerce is represented with especial force; some of our most eminent merchants and bankers being among the members; the law is not without its representatives; and the doctors share with peculiar lustre.

On the evening of the 12th inst., a majority of those gentlemen paraded of a magnificent supper at the Hotel. The wines and viands were of the most admirable kind, and the cooking superb. The object of this fine entertainment was to bring together the members of the Lodge for a social gathering, and to inspire them with more of that *esprit de corps* so essential to all lodges of men. It was our good fortune to be present, and we have no hesitation in saying that the object in view was fully attained. We have never seen a more brilliant assembly at the Hotel. The wines and viands were of the most admirable kind, and the cooking superb. The object of this fine entertainment was to bring together the members of the Lodge for a social gathering, and to inspire them with more of that *esprit de corps* so essential to all lodges of men. It was our good fortune to be present, and we have no hesitation in saying that the object in view was fully attained. 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[Dec. 24, 1859.]

"Climb over the roof of the coach," answered Oliver, firmly, "and drop down behind."

"You forget the sailors—the guard."

"I don't think the sailors will interfere with us," said the courageous lad. "As for the guard, we must try what a tip will do. Don't be frightened," he added, "and hold fast by the rail."

The somewhat perilous feat was accomplished without accident. The two seamen, when they saw what they were about, good-naturedly assisted them.

"Ho! ho!" exclaimed the elder, a blushing fellow, with weather-beaten features. "Tired of being at the fore?"

Oliver smiled, and having recovered breath, was about to descend first, in order to assist his companion, or catch him in the event of his falling, when the guard interfered, declaring that he would not suffer him to quit the coach.

"And by what right do you pretend to detain me?" demanded the high-spirited boy, with a look of defiance.

"You have not paid your fare."

"We are quite willing to do so," replied the youth, feeling for his money.

"It's not that," said the man; "there's a gentleman inside whose permission you must ask. They have run away from school," he added, turning to the passengers.

"Whew!" whistled the sailor, "slipped cable and cut without lifting anchor. I'm glad it ain't no worse. Love my eyes, I never could abide school myself when a youngster, could you, Tom?"

This was addressed to his friend with the monkey.

"Sooner ship in a collier," answered his mate, evidently like himself, a man-of-war's man. "Howsomever, there must be such places, or where would the skippers get their larning?"

"And what did you cut for?"

"Because my friend here was ill-used by the master, who, fault or no fault, sent him to sleep in a cold, damp cellar till every boy in the school cried 'shame!' on him. It is my belief that he wanted to kill him."

"The rascally land picate!" exclaimed the elder lad, indignantly. "Is that the lubber skulking below in the hold? Only let him show his mug on deck—that's all!"

"The gentleman inside is one of the ushers," observed the guard.

"What's a usher?"

"A sort of leetenant," Jack," said his companion. "I only wish we had him on board the Agamemnon!"

The countenance of Oliver flushed joyously. It was the name of the ship his father, a post-captain in the navy, commanded.

"Do you belong to the Agamemnon?" he eagerly demanded.

"Do you hear that, Tom?" shouted the sailor. "This cock-boat wants to know if I belong to the Agamemnon! Why, I won't all laud her in, and hope to die in her!"

"You kn' w my father, then?"

"Can't say?"

"Captain Brandreth," added the youth, impetuously. "You must know him, if you belong to the Agamemnon."

"You his son?" shouted the sailor. "You ain't spinnin' a yarn to make a fool of me, are you, youngster? Let's overhaul you. It is the skipper's bigger-head sure enough, and just his build, only cutter-rigged. Well, I'm blown! and so the crimp in the hold wants to sail off with you back to school agin, does he? Let him try it. I hope he will, that's all. Tom!"

"All right!" said the man with the monkey.

"We ain't agoin' to let this shukling pirate cut out these tight little craft under our very guns, are we?"

"I should say not," was the response.

"Did you ever hear the captain tell of me?" asked the former speaker.

Oliver reflected for an instant, and then broke into a hearty laugh.

"Are you Jack Shears, who tied the Little commandant in a bread bag, and then swam off with him to the admiral's ship?" he demanded.

"That's it!"

"Then I have heard my father speak of you," replied the youth; "he told the story at a dinner-party, when I was home for my holidays."

"Dad he, though?" said the sailor, highly gratified. "It was in the last war. That was the time to be afloat—plenty of greg and prize money. The skipper was only a middy then, and now he is a post-captain, and deserves to be an admiral—hang him to him! We wor in the West Indies—plaguy hot, and sharp work. Howsoever, we took the fort; and the first leetenant says to me, 'Jack,' says he, 'take the manseur on board the flag-ship.' All right, your honor," says I; so I marched him down to the beach. The boats wer gone, and the Frenchman wouldn't take to the water—it don't come natural to 'em, I suppose—so I just shoved him into a bread-bag, and swam off with him.

"You should have heard how he sputtered and sneezed, when I shot him out upon the quarter-deck."

As the sailor finished his yarn, the Express drove up at a roadside inn, where the passengers were to breakfast, and the coach change horses.

"Won't your honor put in for provision?" demanded Jack Shears, touching his hat respectfully.

Oliver hesitated; probably he did not think it quite prudent to descend. The honest fellow, thinking he might be short of money, pulled out a handful of silver, with two or three sovereigns as well, and without counting them, thrust them into his pocket.

"It's not that, Jack," said the boy, gratefully; "my locker is—not quite empty. I was thinking of—"

"The lubber in the hold; all right, safe under convoy."

The speaker descended with that cat-like agility peculiar to his profession, and the two youths unhesitatingly followed him. Neither of their fellow-passengers joined them at breakfast; poor Phil, who from time to time cast anxious glances at the window, saw Mr. Tremblet in close conversation with the ostler and one of the stable boys.

As the youths quitted the inn, closely followed by the two sailors, the usher and his allies confined them. He was one of those very prudent young men who are valiant only with the weak, and had settled with the ostler and stable boy, whom he had bribed to assist him, that they should secure Oliver Brandreth whilst he took charge of his companion.

"So I have caught you, young gentlemen, have I?" he exclaimed, grasping poor Phil, who trembled like a frightened bird in the clutches of a hawk, by the collar. "Seize the other."

The other, however, manifested his repugnance to being seized by planting a couple of blows so rapidly upon the ostler's organs of vision, that the surrounding objects appeared dancing before him to the accompaniment of a flash of lightning.

"The young varmint!" he muttered.

The observation might not have been elegant, but it expressed the speaker's opinion of Oliver's prowess, in which the stable-boy evidently shared, for he hung back.

"Did you see that, Tom?" shouted Shears. "Right into the lubber's bigger-head! Love my eyes, if the captain could only have seen him, wouldn't he have felt as proud as a new-made leetenant the first day he mounts the gilt swab. What are you overhauling that craft for?" he added, turning fiercely to Mr. Tremblet.

"My good man," replied the usher, very mildly, "these youths have run away from Mr. Danby's academy, where young gentlemen are liberally boarded and carefully educated."

"Boarded!" interrupted the sailor, catching at the only word he understood. "I know you've boarded—where's your commission?"

"My what?"

"Your papers. That's according to the articles of war, I think, Tom!"

His messmate nodded approvingly.

"Papers," repeated the bewildered gentlemen; "I have no pa-

"I thought as much," exclaimed the tar, in a tone of contempt. "Not even a privateer; a regular pirate! Unhook your grapping-irons, and sheer off!"

"I must take them back to school with me."

"Two words to that," said Jack, placing his iron gripe upon his neck, to the great derangement of Mr. Tremblet's well starched cravat. "You won't, won't you?"

A single shake released the prisoner from the hands of his captor, who tried to gasp out the words "constable" and "help."

"Up the rigging with you," cried the man with the monkey.

"Look alive, youngster; we'll keep the decks clear."

Neither the coachman nor the guard thought it prudent to interfere, but the unfortunate usher found an ally where, probably, he least expected one—the box passenger, who, after shouting murder, began to lay about her vivaciously with her umbrella.

This diversion puz-

zed. Gallantry would not allow them to lay hands upon a woman. She had already secured Phil in her Amazonian grasp when Tom thought of the monkey. Lengthening the cord that held the animal he permitted it to spring upon her shoulders, where it clung, screaming and chattering with delight, as if it understood and maliciously enjoyed her terror.

"Take it away," she shrieked, "take it away! How dare the nasty thing? My best bonnet, too!"

"Let go of the young gentleman first, mams," coolly said

the usher.

Fright mastered her temper, and the strong-minded female

quished her grasp on Phil, who, urged and assisted by Oliver, mounted to his old place at the back of the coach.

His friend rapidly followed him.

A last desperate effort, which ended as most desperate efforts generally do—in defeat, was made by Mr. Tremblet and his allies to prevent their escape. One blow from Jack Spears' right flipper sent the usher sprawling into the filthy horsepond, where he continued calling frantically for help till the dirty stagnant water almost choked him.

"Time's up!" cried the coachman, who, with the guard, had prudently remained neutral. "Can't wait."

"Jump up!" said the guard.

Mr. Tremblet, where the ostler and grinning stable-boy had hitherto dragged from the horsepond, looked as if he would never jump again. His face was much whiter than his cravat in its present state, and no wonder either. Like Macbeth, "he had sup'd full with horrors," and his state of man,

Like a little king, suffered them
The nature of an erection.

"I shall bring an action against you," he spluttered forth at last.

"Ugh! you have spilt my clothes, and—"

"Action," repeated Jack, who understood the word only in its nautical sense: "if you ain't satisfied we are quite ready to renew the engagement. Ain't we, Tom?"

"I should say we won't," replied his messmate; "and if the lady at the fore will only be good enough to hold Jack—"

The strong-minded female had had enough of Jacko, and expressed her dissent to the arrangement by opening her oil-skin umbrella, and holding it as a buckler over her back.

"Help me into the hotel," said the discomfited usher, mournfully.

"I am too ill to proceed any further."

"Ten minutes behind time," shouted the guard.

"All right," answered the coachman, giving his impatient horses the reins. "Whew—now then—gently, gently!"

As the Express drove off, the two sailors gave a hearty cheer, in which Oliver Brandreth joined. As for his schoolfellow, he was still too much bewildered, and under the influence of fear, to express satisfaction at their escape.

"That land pirate," exclaimed the elder seaman, "won't follow any longer in our wake. I thought he wer going to show fight again. Lord love your little honor," he added, turning to the son of his commander, "how pleased the captain would have been if he had seen you pitching into the lubber's figure head."

"I suppose not," said the guard.

"How do you make that out? Show your bearings."

"Few gen'lemen," said their sons running away from school," observed the guard.

The jolly tar looked at Oliver as if he expected him to answer an objection quite out of his latitude.

"Never mind him," said the youth; "he belongs to a coach, not to a ship—couldn't tell a troy from a frigate, a spar from a mainmast. How should he know what a thorough-bred sailor like my father will say?"

Jack Spears looked at the guard with an expression of pity, as if prieved to think such a fearful state of ignorance should exist in a Christian land.

"How, indeed?" asked the man with the monkey, to whom the reasoning of Oliver Brandreth appeared equally unanswerable. "Land-men does everything contrariwise. They steer from the bows of the vessel," he added, pointing to the coachman, "instead of the stern, and never take an observation to guide um. I often wonders they don't miss port."

"Providence, Tom," suggested his messmate. "It's Providence as takes care on 'em—she is the regular nurse of landsmen and midies, and a precious time the old gal has on it."

"When did you slip cable and cut?" demanded the speaker, addressing himself to the boys.

"Two days since," replied Oliver, who generally had to answer both for himself and companion.

"And where did you swing your hammock last night?"

"First in a barn."

"My eyes! the skipper's son in a barn!"

"But we were disturbed there," added the youth, with a shudder, and passed the rest of the night at Rockingham Hall."

"Where?" exclaimed the guard, in a tone of surprise.

Oliver Brandreth repeated the name of the mansion again.

"I hope you slept soundly?"

"Very," answered Philip Blandford, wondering at the silence of his friend. "I never once opened my eyes till morning."

"You were lucky," observed the guard, dryly.

Although Oliver Brandreth questioned the speaker with a degree of tact unusual for one of his years, he could draw nothing from him respecting the haul or its inmates. Of the present ones he professed to know little or nothing. Of himself, however, he spoke freely. He had lived, it appeared, as keeper with the lord of the manor before the park had been thrown into farmland, and the woods and plantations cut down to support his master's extravagance in a foreign land.

"That's right, Robert," said the female on the box, who had been listening to the conversation. "Don't gratify his curiosity. What can a boy like that want to know about the old family of the Vavasours? Never speak ill of those," she added, "whose bread you have eaten."

"What, Bridget Sharples?" exclaimed the guard, with a look of astonishment, "is that you? I thought I knew your face, though you are somewhat altered since we were fellow-servants, thirteen years or more ago. I suppose you are married," he added.

Bridget declared herself happy at being able to assure him she had never been led into anything so weak and absurd. She had no faith in men, and never intended to sacrifice her independence to any of the deceitful, treacherous sex, which, she emphatically added, she looked upon as little better than a race of monsters.

"Why, you don't mean to make the voyage of life without convoy, do you, marm?" said Jack Spears.

"I feared, but I do."

"Love my eyes—"

"I had do nothing of the kind," interrupted the strong-minded female, variety. "How dare you ask me such a thing? Love your eyes, indeed! What should I see in them?" Coachman, I consider myself under your protection."

The driver intimated, by one of his peculiar winks, that she might consider herself as all right.

Every one who heard her, with the exception of Oliver Brandreth, laughed at the old maid's literal interpretation of Jack's words, which we scarcely need inform our readers, were merely an ejaculation.

The youth appeared to have suddenly fallen into a profound reverie. Vassour he knew to have been the maiden name of his mother, who died in giving birth. It had frequently struck him as something singular that he had never heard of, or been introduced to, any members of her family; that neither his father nor his aunt, Mrs. Dalton, a widow lady who presided over her brother's establishment, ever visited them. He suspected there was some mystery in it, and naturally felt desirous to discover the clue.

The two runaways reached London without any further adventure, and, escorted by the sailors, who insisted on "convoying them into port, and seeing them safely anchored," started for the residence of Captain Brandreth, in the Regent's Park.

"What are you so thoughtful about?" demanded Phil, who noticed with uneasiness the gloom which had been gradually settling on the open countenance of his schoolfellow.

"I was thinking of my father," answered Oliver.

"You are not afraid of him?"

"No. I love him too well for that," answered the high-spirited boy. "At times he is rather passionate and hasty, but never unjust. I should like to see him alone, or, better than that," he added, "send Jack Spears to announce our coming."

At this proposition the sailor took a hitch at his waistband, and looked rather doubtful for an instant.

"I'll go!" he exclaimed, at last. "It is

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have acted unworthily. You wrote to me," continued the youth, "to be kind to poor Phil—to love him as a brother; and so—I got him out of the cellar, ran away with him, and brought him home with me, sir, thinking you would have done the same by his father when you were schoolfellows together."

"My boy, my noble-hearted boy!" exclaimed Captain Brandreth, clasping Oliver to his heart. "Forgive me the pain I have caused you. I was not always the suspicious, fear-hunted being you have known me. I will uplift the passion from my mind, dismiss the hollow doubt from my heart. From this hour there shall be confidence—perfect confidence between us."

His son tried to smile through his tears, which had fallen at last, but the attempt was a failure. He had listened to such promises before.

"And where is your companion?" asked his father.

"In the garden, sir, with the two sailors. I thought it best to see you first alone."

The words were not intended as an allusion to his unjust suspicions, but the captain could not avoid feeling them as such, and they added to the bitterness of his self-reproaches.

"Let us seek him then," he replied, placing his hand affectionately upon his shoulder, "let us seek him."

"All right and a fair wind to the fore," cried Jack Spears, when he saw the changed expression of his commander's features. "The gale has blown over. Love my eyes, Tom, if it ain't been a stiff 'un, and no mistake about it, but the little cockboat has weathered it."

Nothig' could be more kind and gentle than the words with which the captain welcomed the son of his old friend, who all this time had been waiting the return of his schoolfellow in doubt and trembling. He was naturally of a timid, retiring disposition. The treatment he had been subject to had crushed the little spirit he once possessed.

"Oliver has told me all," said the gentleman; "you were quite right to escape from such cruelty. I approve of my son's conduct in every respect."

"I wonder if he knows about shooting the gipsy," thought Phil.

"Come with me to the house," added the speaker; "it must be your home till I can communicate with your guardians, and the affair has been properly investigated."

"You have not heard our adventures after we ran away," said Oliver.

His father smiled, believing he alluded to the affair with the usher, which he looked upon in anything but a serious light.

"Your honor ain't really angry with the youngsters after all," exclaimed the elder seaman, whose mind felt greatly relieved.

"Not in the least, Jack."

"Huzza! Love my eyes, if your honor had only seen him it would have done your heart good, as it did mine. One—two—straight as a ball from one of the Aggymenon's fore guns, right into the lubber's finger-head—bang! bang!"

By way of illustrating his description, the sailor struck his clenched fist, which might have felled an ox, twice into the palm of his left hand, which he extended at full length as a target to receive the blows.

The speakers adjourned to the house, the two seamen to the kitchen, with orders from their commander that they should be made comfortable for the night.

On entering the drawing-room, poor Phil Blandford could not help contrasting the affectionate manner in which Mrs. Dalton received the coldness, not to say indifference, Lady Fairfax showed him with since her marriage with Sir Aubrey; and yet Mrs. Dalton was only Oliver's aunt, whilst Lady Fairclough was his own mother.

"Why did you not write to me, my dear boy?" said the first-named lady, as she kissed her nephew. "I am grieved to think of what you must have endured."

Before the youth could reply, a beautiful girl, about five years of age, the speaker's only child, came bounding into the room. She had heard of her cousin's return, and broke away from her governess to see him.

"Oliver! dear Oliver!" exclaimed the little fairy, springing into his arms, and nestling her head upon his shoulders. "I am so glad you are come home. Mademoiselle wanted me to go to bed without seeing you, but I could not have slept. Only to think," she added, clapping her hands and laughing, "holidays are come, holidays are come. I am so happy. Uncle has given me a pair of such beautiful doves. You shall have one of them. And my doll has grown so pretty, you won't know her again; will he, mamma?"

"Scarcely," replied her mother, with a smile.

"Who is that?" asked the child, pointing to Phil.

"That young gentleman is your cousin's friend and schoolfellow, Isabel," answered her uncle; "but you must not ask any more questions now. They have travelled a long way, are tired, and I dare say very hungry."

"Hungry!" repeated the little creature, "and I have eaten all my cake. I am so sorry."

"They require something more substantial than cake," observed Mrs. Dalton, "and here it comes."

The two runaways did ample justice to the supper the old butler put before them. As soon as they had finished, the kind-hearted woman insisted on their retiring to rest.

"But you have not heard, my dear aunt, why we ran away from school," said Oliver, "and I would not for the world you should misjudge me."

"Your father will tell me," replied the lady. "You would not, I am well assured, have taken so serious a step without sufficient reason; therefore, my mind is perfectly at rest upon that account."

The youth regarded her with grateful affection, and mentally wished that his parent had shown equal confidence in him.

"How I should like to run away from mademoiselle," exclaimed Isabel.

"And leave me?" said her mother, reprovingly.

The child ran to her, threw her arms about her neck, and kissed her.

"I wish we could all run away from her, mamma—you, uncle, Oliver."

Evidently the French governess was no favorite with her pupil, who consented at last to return to her, on a promise of being permitted to breakfast with the family instead of breakfasting in the nursery the following morning.

Although Captain Brandreth naturally felt anxious to hear the sequel to his son's adventures, he resolutely repressed the wish, and bade him retire for the night.

"Your confidence in that boy is extraordinary," he observed to his sister, as soon as they were alone; "no doubt, no uneasiness."

"Not the slightest," answered Mrs. Dalton, who being perfectly aware of the one fixed idea which troubled her brother's mind, invariably expressed herself in a manner to disabuse him of it; "my nephew will never disgrace the name he bears. Is he not truly himself?" she added.

"Yes."

"The very soul of honor?"

"At present I believe—I trust he is."

"George, you are unjust," exclaimed his sister, warmly. "Such suspicions are more akin to folly than to wisdom. I have watched Oliver from his earliest years with a woman's tact, almost a mother's love, and never yet discovered one thought or feeling to degrade him. In trifling with the affection of your son you trifle with your own happiness."

"The fatal seeds of dishonor are in his nature," murmured Captain Brandreth. "They only want the rising of the hot sun of manhood and passion to germinate and bring forth their bitter fruit."

"Have you forgotten who was his mother?" he added, gloomily.

"Poor Adelaida," sighed Mrs. Dalton; "would I had been in England when—"

"There," interrupted her brother, passionately, "there, you justify her."

"I thought we had agreed never to speak upon that subject again," observed his sister, mildly. "George, I cannot dissemble with my convictions. You acted wrongly, very wrongly, by your unhappy wife. Instead of loading her with reproaches, driving her from your presence and separating her from her child, when accused of a mean and despicable theft, it was your duty to have supported and defended her."

"She fled," groaned the captain, "from the house she had disgraced. What further proof of guiltiness do you require? Were not the pretty trinkets found in her dressing-case?"

"I have heard so!"

"And did not Hawes, the jeweller, refuse to prosecute, out of respect for my name and family?"

"He made the accusation openly enough," answered Mrs. Dalton, pointedly. "Had I been her husband he should have brought the case to trial."

"And left a record—a brand never to be effaced, upon the honor and the name of Brandreth," exclaimed her brother. "I can un-

derstand your coolness upon the subject," he added, sarcastically; "you no longer bear the name."

"But I am equally proud of it, George," replied the warm-hearted woman. "Do not misjudge me. I would pour balm upon your wounds, not irritate them. Let me not lose a brother for defending his son against his unjust suspicions. Oliver, at least, has not disgraced the name he bears."

"Forgive me," cried the unhappy man. "If you knew how hard it was to bear the hand ofumered disgrace, to feel the finger of scorn pointed at you; to know that the very men who stand behind your chair, chats with his fellows about your shame, makes sport of it: to meet the inquiring look, the glance from eye to eye when your name is first pronounced in the ears of your equals, you would pity instead of blaming me."

"This is a morbid, not a healthy sense of honor, George," observed his sister. "I pity you far more for wanting faith in your own child; the being coined of yourself; stamped by God in your own image, for never did a son more resemble his father than Oliver resembles you."

"In feature perhaps he does."

"In heart and mind; in love of truth," added his aunt. "How nobly he has acted by his young schoolfellow."

"Yes; in that instance he certainly has."

"Again!" exclaimed Mrs. Dalton. "George, you are incorrigible."

"Good night!" said her brother. "You are a skillful advocate, and almost persuade me that my fears are visionary."

"Would that I could quite persuade you," replied his sister. "Good night!"

(To be continued.)

HOLLAND LODGE SUPPER.

ALL of our Masonic readers, and doubles thousands who are not Masons, have heard of that old and distinguished Masonic organization in the city of New York, known as "Holland Lodge, No. 8." Deriving its charter in the year 1787 from the Prince of Orange, it has held on its way, through varying fortunes, until now it presents itself before the Masonic world more powerful and prosperous than ever.

Many eminent men have belonged to this ancient Lodge. Among its earliest masters were De Witt Clinton, John Jacob Astor and Chancellor Sanford. Other Masters were also well known to old New York, among whom were the names of Meyer, Vanderbrak, Poorbach, Goss, John Stegg, Jun., J. H. Pintard, J. H. Abrams, William H. Alderson, William Irving, J. N. Everard, Irving, Abraham Lo, Stephen Price, William Bedford, Edmund Kortright, Edward Seaman and Thomas Longworth. Elias Hicks was Master of the Lodge thirteen years, of which ten were consecutive. Throughout the turbulent times, between 1833 and 1845 our respected fell-witzies, Benjamin R. Winthrop, was Master, and preserved the large W down and Croesus' Fund of the Lodge. It is to this gallant man's good taste that the Lodge owes its beautiful regalia and wiles.

Among the earlier Masters are such names as Coster, Wimberding, Benson, Huntington, Fay, Lawrence, Gorden, Kisen, Barretto, Edward Livingston, M. M. Chapman, Vandenburgh, David Jones, Onderdonk, Moore, Rutherford, Rodman, Acken, Van Wyck, Ogden, Varick, Eddy, Verboom, Gibson, N. Head, and others numerous to mention. If we should add under a title of the influential of living, who have been members of Old Holland, it would be a tedious business. We may say however, that almost all the descendants of old New York families may find the names of their ancestors enoted on the books of Holland Lodge.

At the present time Holland Lodge numbers one hundred and ten Master Masons, and additions are being constantly made. Whatever may have been the past glories of the institution, we will venture to assert that it never presented a stronger array of good names than at the present time. Commerce is represented with especial force, some of our most eminent merchants and bankers being among the members; the law is not without its representatives; and the doctors shine with peculiar lustre.

On the evening of the 12th inst., a majority of those gentlemen partook of a magnificient supper at the hotel. The wines and viands were of the most admirable kind, and the cookery superb. The object of this fine entertainment was to bring together the members of the Lodge for the sake of better acquaintance, and to inspire them with more of that *esprit du corps* so essential to large bodies of men. It was our good fortune to be present, and we have no hesitation in saying that the object in view was fully attained. We have never known a more harmonious and jocund company, and many members travelled at the rare convivial assemblies displayed by sundry very quiet and unobtrusive brethren. In the department of music the development were truly astounding, but it would hardly be proper to mention any of the accomplished vocalists by name; it is enough to say that such a feeling of hilarity and good fellowship a seldom exceeds, and we heartily hope that there will be many pleasant returns of the festivities of Holland Lodge.

The following is a list of the officers of the Lodge: R. W. J. H. J. Crane, M. D.; W. M. ; Ansel H. Bartlett, S. W.; Joseph N. Balistic, J. W.; Morrel H. Spudling, Treasurer; Adelour W. King, Secretary; George F. Woodward, M. D.; Chapman; J. C. Battersby, S. D.; Jotnam Post, M. D.; J. D.; H. A. Weeks and W. A. Hartlett, Masters of Ceremonies; Samuel B. White and Charles W. Whaley, Stewards; J. G. Davis, Organist; W. Greenfield Pote, Tiler.

EUROPEAN GOSSIP.

ENGLAND.

Grisl and Mario are so disgusted with the treatment they received in Spain, that they have declared their intention to confine themselves to England. The Madrid audience was too much for them. Not content with insulting, the managers robbed them. England and America are the Edens of foreign genius. It is only requisite for the Anglo-Saxons in race not to understand what is called upon to admire, and they go into excesses.

Windsor Castle.—Our "fat, fat and forty" friend, Victoria, has had her Thanksgiving party at her palatial dwelling, as the novelists say. Her eldest daughter, the Princess of Wales, and her husband—if it be allowable to apply a vulgar word to a Prince—have been on a visit; also, the Prince of Wales, who is a very well behaved young man, and far ahead of our foolish aristocracy. The Prince of Wales completed his majority on the 9th November. The opera fashions may be expected to know that the Duchess of Kent imposed a march for her grandson's coming of age.

A Grand Undertaking.—The laying down of the electric telegraph between Saigon and China has been accomplished by the Cyclops. From Aden the electric wires are to be carried to Sambava, then through Haaravara, a province of Southern Arabia, then to the island of Ceylon and the Gulf of Bengal. The total distance will be 200 miles in length, at the junction of which will be a transhipment point. The structure is to be of iron and glass; but as Holland is not famous for iron, it will be supplied by England.

The Amateur in Crystal Palace is to be completed and opened in the year 1861. It will be 400 feet in length by 200 in width, and the central dome will be 200 feet in height, at the junction of which will be a transept and the nave of the edifice. The structure is to be of iron and glass; but as Holland is not famous for iron, it will be supplied by England.

FRANCE.

Fame or Love?—The widow of Belzoni has married Gigoux, painter and expert of the Louvre. All the marriage conditions are curiously—she is to remain in the name of her first husband and sign i—also to be dressed by Gigoux and his friends as Madame Belzoni. This she insinuates is intended as a compliment to the glory of her dear departed spouse.

What a Sportsman!—The English sportsmen are disgusted with Prince Murat. He was invited to a fox hunt—never having been at one, but having heard much of it, he went; to the surprise of all he appeared with his gun and the fox was unashamed to run up with his Manton and shot it. A yell of rage burst from his companions.

Very Frenchy.—An amusing story is going the rounds. A well-known dandy died the other day. In his desk were found two packages, one addressed to his son, the other to a fair actress. On the former was inscribed, "For the guidance of my dear child." That to the fair, but frail Mlle _____ was addressed, "A souvenir of my regards." The widow, concluding that the contents of his pocket were a mere waste of money, did not open his, but put it to a leisure hour. The lady, however, had no sooner gone but she tore it open. Visions of diamonds, bank notes, &c., lay before her eyes. Alas! who can print better for men—no king but a dry seal of an amateur had the audacity and how to list the best advantage, as though any woman needed that lesson. She was about to burst into tears, when she suddenly thought it might be a mistake, so she rushed to the sun, staid the case. "Apropos," said the son, "I will tell you. I resolved, I have not been in such a hurry to open the pocket as you were." Breaking the seal the package disclosed thousands of no note.

"I have heard so!"

"And did not Hawes, the jeweller, refuse to prosecute, out of respect for my name and family?"

"He made the accusation openly enough," answered Mrs. Dalton, pointedly. "Had I been her husband he should have brought the case to trial."

"And left a record—a brand never to be effaced, upon the honor and the name of Brandreth," exclaimed her brother. "I can un-

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Someret Clb., Boston, December 4th, 1859.
M. PHELAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—You would give me much by letting a question to the game of English pool.

There were four persons in the pool, A., B., C. and D. The privilege had not been taken. A. played on B. and killed him; A. then played on C. and killed him. B. then said he would take the privilege. Had B. a right to claim the privilege? After C. had played? A. objected to B.'s taking the privilege on the ground that B. should have claimed the privilege before C. played.

ANSWER.—The rules of English pool are not explicit on this point. They say, "if the first person out resigns to star—i.e., takes the privilege—the second person may do it; but if the second resists the third may do it; and so on, until only two persons are left in the pool in which case the privilege of starting ceases." The rules for playing the various games of pool in "The Game of Billiards," which we send you, hold that the player should decide before the next stroke is made. This is the strict rule of the game, and as such may be enforced; but as a general practice the privilege remains open, until it is taken by one of the players. If we were to decide the question, we would say that the privilege should be claimed before the next stroke is played.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

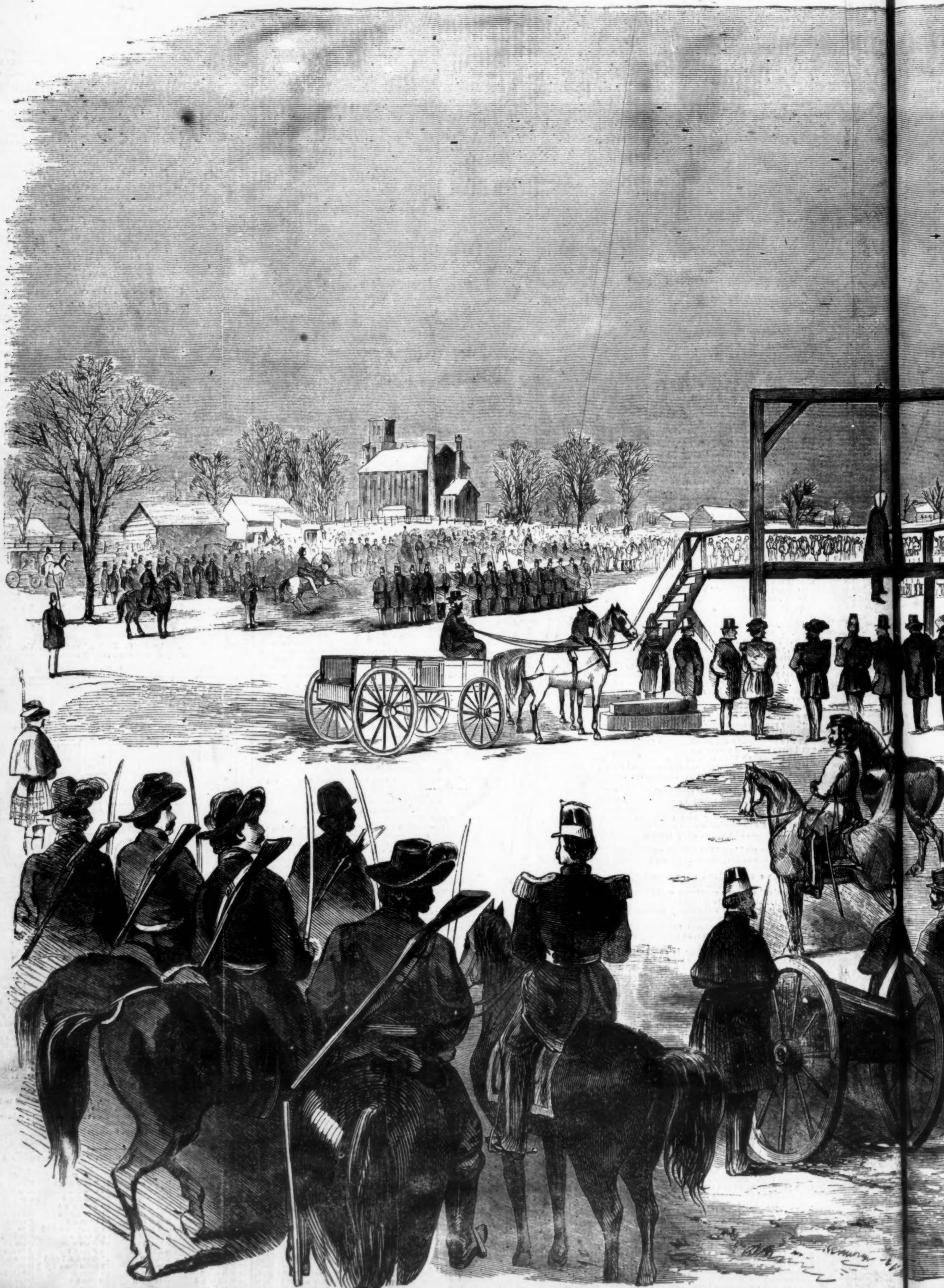
BILLIARDS IN PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. Phelan has just returned from a short visit to Philadelphia, and reports that billiards are in full swing a new edition as might be supposed so social a game would be in a City of Brotherly Love. He visited all the club rooms which were supplied with tables; called on his old friend, Mr. C. B.; dropped in on Victor Ephraim and Mr. McCormick. Mr. McCormick has a splendidly arranged room, and we are glad to see that he is winning his way into the merit of the Philadelphians.

TIEMAN AND SEEREFER.—We regret to learn from Cincinnati that Mr. Tieman has been suffering late from a severe wrist, but by our latest account he is nearly all right again, and hoped to be able to wind the cue

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

56 DEC. 24, 1859.]

FRANK LESLIE'S STRATE



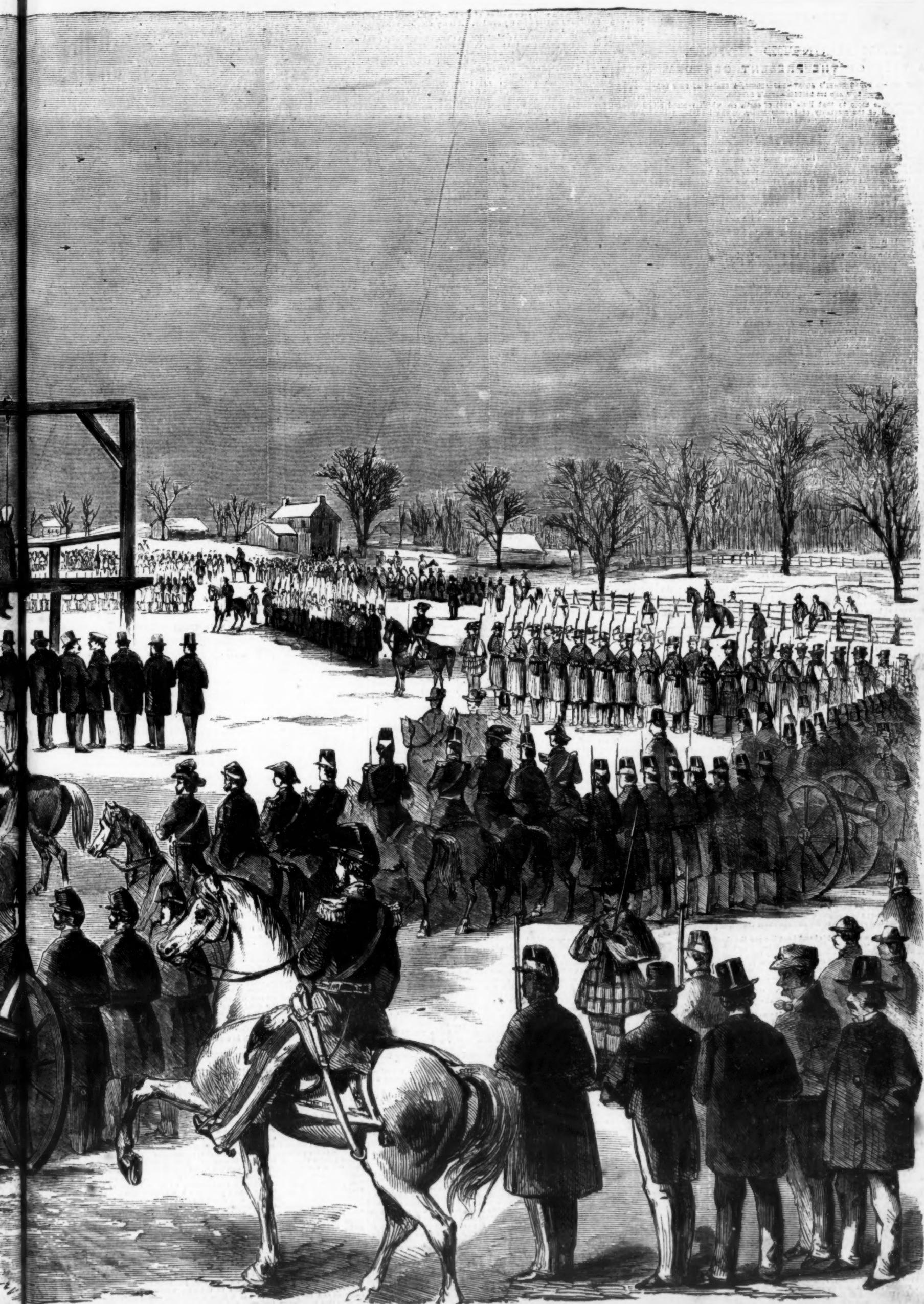
THE EXECUTION OF COOK AND CLEGG IN THE SULTRY ESTATE.

VOLUME TIGHTLY BOUND

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Dec. 24, 1859.

57



KNIGHTRIDERS;

OR,

THE HAUNTED MANOR.
A TALE OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

CHAPTER VII.—A YOUNG HEART'S AGONY—THE ARREST—A SEARCH AT DEEP HOLLOW AND ITS RESULTS—ABEL'S DANGER.

We return once more to that little spot of earth on which reposed all that remained of the mortality of Farmer Miller. The kind heart had ceased to beat, and the living eyes had the film of death upon them. He was calm and still, but what pain can describe the agony of heart of that bereaved one, the fair girl whose whole existence was but in her affections, and who at one fell blow found herself bereft of all. Her father mured and, that divinity of her heart, her own, cherished Walter, accused by the dying words of that father of the dead! Those were the ingredients in her cup of misery, and in truth it more than ever drew her.

With cries and shrieks she flung herself on the body of her father. She implored him to speak again, it but a word, to remove the terrible accusation he had made, and her despair shook the hearts of all around her.

"Father, father! you are in heaven now and know the truth. Oh, for one word—but for one word, to say that: Walter is innocent! Oh, heaven! he cannot speak. Dead—dead! My father—my own father—gone from me. Enough—enough, heaven!—enough at once for this poor heart! Oh, have mercy upon me!"

Her sobs were fearful to hear, and yet those who felt for her welcomed the long burst of tears that followed them, for they knew that in them she would find relief.

And while she knelt and sobbed by the side of the bier on which lay her father's body, the little knot of persons around stole strange glances at each other and at Walter Reve, who stood as if panic-stricken, now and then passing his hand over his brow, as though he doubted if he were awake, and would fain a sleep from his mind the mighty vapors of a most fearful dream.

What a trial was that for both—but, oh! most for her—for that young, dear heart that was a seat with affliction. What a furnace to pass through! Can human love withstand such fierce contention of the feelings? Listen; he speaks to her again:

"Anna, Anna—not one word! You do not speak to me, and all moments you do not look at me! Shall I, too, die? Shall I lie down by the side of this dear father like as he did, and go with him to the throne of heaven where he will not accuse me? Oh, darling of my poor heart, speak to me! I am innocent—in deed and in truth I am innocent! It is one strange misconception as I tell you, Anna. God knows I did not do this deed. Speak to me—oh, speak to me!"

She trembled excessively, and her small, delicate hands strove to push aside the long, clustering ringlets that overshadowed her sweet face. She wanted to look more clearly at Walter—he wanted to convince himself that the aspect of his face was not that of a murderer; and then a thought struck her, and she spoke, after several vain efforts to do so, which were impeded by her tears.

"Walter, Walter!—No, Walter, only now! You see this is my own dear, fond, good father!"

Her tears forced her to silence.

"Yes, yes!" gasped Walter, in choking accents.

"My kind, affeate mother! I may be, for we are all liable to error, that be in stock—that some other hand has laid him here in death, and that he thought it was yours—some personation, perhaps, of yours. On, who shall say?"

Atel Reve made a sudden start, and then cried out, "I see men coming over the hill to us! They are constables, I fancy. Walter, I make no secret of my counsel to seek safety in flight, and I will do all I can to prove your innocence."

"Hush, brother, let her speak," said Walter; "I implore you to be still! Abel, Anna, what would you say to me?"

"Walter, will you—can you—Wal—er—"

"Yes, yes, das es—all and everything you would wish. What would you have me to do or say?"

"Can you take this hand in yours—my father's hand—and with the name of heaven upon your lips, can you then say you are innocent of this deed?"

There was a visible emotion among those around and about the spot on these words coming from Anna. Mrs. Miller looked fixedly at Walter, and Abel Reve said faintly, "No, not it is absurd! The old superstition of the omen by touch. It is—prophetic!"

But Walter gave no attention to the words of his brother, nor to the emotion of the rest of the party. He solemnly knelt down by the side of the murdered man. There was an awful stillness! It seemed as if the light morning air that had been sweetly felt by all present, had ceased to be a restless motion and settled in gloom about that spot. A curling fear took possession of the farm laborers, and they shrunk back, as Walter in both his own took the hand of poor Farmer Miller, and laid it down, so cold and still as it was, in his grasp.

"As heaven is my judge," he said, "and the judge of all, I am innocent of all participation in this deed!"

There had been an expression of pain upon the face of the dead, and at this moment one of those strange physical changes that so soon take place in poor mortals, when it has parted with the spirit of life, at first that expression, and a sort of tender look, slowly spread over the face of the murdered man.

Then Anna stretched forth her arms, and over the body of her father she was in another moment clasped to the heart of Walter Reve.

"Innocent!—innocent! He is innocent! Walter, you have to forgive me for the doubt. I feel that you are innocent! There is some strange mystery when heaven is in our good time will solve."

With a flood of tears—not at all distressful ones—she sank upon his breast and clung to him with a frantic eagerness, as though now he were her chief hold upon the world.

For was that dread alarmer groundless, for the men who had been noticed by Abel Reve crossing the aisle now reached the spot. A very few words passed between them and the surgeon and some of the bystanders, and then one advanced and laid his hand upon the shoulder of Walter, as he said, "Mr. Walter Reve, I am sorry to say you are my prisoner!"

"Captain Edgeworth?" said Walter, as he turned and faced the chief constable of the county.

"Yes, Mr. Reve. I am sorry to say that my duty calls upon me to arrest you."

"You will always do your duty, Cap'tain Edgeworth, I know," said Walter; "but surely you have no authority to apprehend me—no warrant—"

"Any man, Mr. Walter Reve, can arrest on a charge of felony. I am informed of the dying declaration of Mr. John Miller implicated or directly charged you with his murder."

"But I am innocent!"

"He is innocent!" cried Anna. "Indeed he is innocent!"

"I am more delighted still to hear it."

"On, what a dreadful scene is this!" said Abel Reve—"my own brother accused of murder! It is too bad—oh, too bad!"

"It matters nothing," said the chief constable, "what may be the individual opinions of any one. My duty lies plainly before me. I am informed, and see, that there is murder; and I am told that with his last breath the murdered man pointed out and accused Mr. Walter Reve as his murderer; therefore he is my prisoner."

Again Captain Edgeworth laid his hand heavily upon the shoulder of Walter.

"Sir," said Abel, "there must be some mistake. The murderer who seems to have been in a most guilty state indeed, must have been committed during the night. Now my brother Walter can no doubt assert or probably prove that he was at home all the night, until in fact the alarm of the deed was given."

"No, Abel," said Walter, "I was absent from home some part of the night."

"Absent, Walter?"

"Let me be excused," said Cap'tain Edgeworth. "I will have no conversation of this sort held in my presence. Come, Mr. Walter, I want you for a moment."

"I am ready, sir."

"No—no!" said Anna. "Stop!—stop! It was for me—it was for me! A little bird, you see, sir, that loved me, and I had made a dear pet and companion of it in the room—in the fire at Hilly Tree Farm. It was with me when Walter went. Walter, tell me—tell them—you saw nothing of my father last night!"

"No bird!"

"I knew it!—I knew it! Oh, father! If your dear spirit can hear me now, it will not blame me. I do not—will not love you less; but it is not by believing that he whom you told me I might love, guilty of your death, that I can show that I loved you. Walter, I am your own affianced wife. Heaven has appointed us this life, and we will both live it, if it be good for us; and both for us to be! I cannot but that my innocence can be proved, and my master will eat it when he goes home now! But—no!—I would never eat him—him!"

"This was it, Walter? Oh, don't tell me what to do!"

"I do not tell you anything at Deep Hollow."

"I will not!"

"I am well. Where, Captain Edgeworth, do you take me?"

"To Exeter."

"To Exeter?"

"My child, my child! Will you come to Exeter?"

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FLORENCE DE LACY,

on,

QUICKSANDS AND WHIRLPOOLS.

A TALE OF YOUTH'S TEMPTATIONS.

By Percy E. St. John,

Author of "Quadroona," "Photographs of the Heart," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The note which Cecile had picked up and concealed in her bosom was short and pithy—

"The Princess de Chimay will expect the fortunate winner of the half million to breakfast at eleven o'clock."

"Rue de Rivoli, No. —"

A cold, icy chill went to her heart. The actress knew the princess well.

Our sedate and proper readers may stare at our revelations of Paris life; but we beg to assure them that we are only alluding in the most gentle manner in the world to what is notorious, patent to every one acquainted with that pleasant wicked place.

A total different state of things exists in the capital of France to what we are familiar with.

Marriage is disregarded for a variety of very cogent reasons.

There are none of those stupid love matches which, whatever people may say, are one of the causes of the greatness and prosperity of this wondrous country.

Young men come to Paris to study law, medicine, engineering and other arts. Their first duty is to fall in love. Now, in very many instances this love would be followed by marriage—but it cannot.

No male or female can marry without the formal consent of parents or guardians until a mature age.

They then contract *morganatic* marriages, as the Germans term left-handed alliances, which last until the education of the youth is finished, his degree taken, or employment found, when he returns to his native place and marries a *dot*; that is, some female relative or friend with money, whom his parents have long provided for him.

If parties marry young, it is generally in trade, the wife probably bringing a little fortune into the affair.

Love has nothing to do with the matter.

In the higher ranks expediency may always be said to be the foundation of marriage. A man of rank, fortune, wealth, or renown selects a bride. Her relatives are too honored by the offer, and the sacrifice is made.

She loves another, but what consideration is that to them?

She marries, bat the old love rankles. She goes into society, she sees married women smiling and comparatively happy, and she finds the loves of their unmarried days still dangling about them in spite of the sacred tie which binds them to their husbands.

She does the same. Fatal and terrible step! Having once overstepped the bounds, there is no stopping. The lover in all probability wears of his chains—another replaces him.

Such is not a picture of all French married life, but it is of the majority. Those who cannot mix in French society can read the statements of the French in their own books.

The Princess de Chimay was a young and beautiful woman, a woman indeed of surpassing loveliness. There stopped all occasion for praise. At sixteen she had married a man of nearly fifty. It was an infamous, a disgraceful sacrifice on the part of her friends. At her age she could not be expected to resist. In marriage all she saw was liberty, diamonds, carriages, presentations at court, and balls.

She found all this, and more. Before she was eighteen she found she had a heart and a husband she hated.

The usual course followed. He was jealous; she gave him cause, and before another year the Princess de Chimay was the idol of Parisian society. Beautiful, rich, eccentric, defying her husband, making no secret of her preferences, she was still sufficiently careful to leave no opportunity for real fault-finding.

She had long frequented the gambling-house of Madame Cremieux, and paid very highly for the accommodation.

On this occasion some sudden freak, one of those strange fancies which will enter the minds of idle men and women, had induced her to pass the pencilled note to the croupier for Frank Wilton. His enormous fortune at cards had excited curiosity in her mind.

It was a magnificent apartment. Pictures, pier glasses, carpets elastic as a green lawn were there, and ornamental furniture, and in the centre a breakfast laid out in the most luxuriant style, upon the supports of which were most richly carved.

Reclining on an ottoman was the princess, a lovely woman of the brunette order, with eyes sparkling like jet under her long, sweeping lashes.

It was eleven o'clock, and her eye glanced impatiently at the time-piece.

"Is that you, Helene?" she said, in a quick, sharp way.

"No," replied the party addressed, who was in the act of opening the door.

The princess leaped to her feet and confronted Cecile de Vaux.

They were both very beautiful, but at that moment their beauty was rather of the Satanic style.

"And pray, madame, who and what are you?" asked the princess.

"Cecile de Vaux, of the Theatre —," said the girl, with a low curtsey.

"And pray, madame, to what fortunate event do I owe this honor?" cried the amazed princess.

"Madame," said Cecile, quietly, "you expected a friend of mine—I have come in his place."

"Madame!"

"He dropped your note without reading it; I picked it up, and I have come to warn you that, if you do not give up all pretensions to him, I will find the way to make you."

"Chippie!" said De Chimay, frowning, "I don't know what you mean."

"Then a certain note lithographed will not hurt your ladyship."

The princess bit her lips.

"The gentleman to whom you allude, having won so much money, has, probably, some secret. I certainly did invite him here, in the hope that he would divulge it."

"The fascinations of the Princess de Chimay are well known, but I have no wish to have them tried on my future husband."

"I suppose he is able to take care of himself," sneered the princess.

"I know not, nor do I care; but I warn you, madame, that if any more notes are sent to monsieur I shall not hesitate," and she raised a little jewel-handled riding-whip significantly.

The princess turned pale with rage.

"This insult! Leave my house."

"You promise?"

"Away, ere I call the guard, and have you locked up in St. Lazare."

At this gross insult—St. Lazare is a prison for abandoned women—Cecile advanced angrily towards her.

"If you touch me I will kill you," said the princess, retreating.

"Promise, or I will spoil your beauty," said the infuriated actress.

"Woman," said the princess, "down with your whip. In the next room are swords; let us decide the matter with them."

A smile crossed the face of Cecile. As a part of her profession she had learned to fence.

"I will do it."

"At once?"

"We must have seconds."

"Certainly; do you know any one?"

"Will you send a servant with a note?"

"With pleasure," replied De Chimay.

She pointed to a desk, and Cecile having written one note, she herself wrote another, and they were instantly dispatched.

"Madame," said the princess, with stately politeness, "while we wait, will you breakfast?"

"Madame, I thank you; but I have breakfasted," she answered; and walking across the room to where a pier-glass stood, she began taking off her bonnet and shawl.

The Princess de Chimay watched her with considerable interest.

A waiting woman presently came in for orders.

"Order the carriage," said the princess.

"Where are we going?" asked Cecile.

"To the wood."

Cecile smiled. The affair was taking a romantic turn.

"Madame has no objection?"

"None whatever."

In about half an hour later in rushed a young lady, dressed in the highest *frou-frou* style, a dashing, lively countess of two-and-twenty.

"Why, what is the meaning of your note?" she cried, embracing her.

"I am going to fight."

"To fight with madame," presenting the countess; "Mademoiselle Cecile de Vaux, the Countess de Lagy."

The countess fell back into an armchair, nearly suffocated with laughter.

"What, mon dieu, you don't mean to fight in earnest, with horrid swords? You are joking, I know, Henriette."

"I am perfectly serious. Madame has kindly offered to horsewhip me, and I have challenged her."

"Is it about a man?" screamed the countess.

"Yes."

"Who is he? tell me all about him," exclaimed the young lady.

"No; we might compromise him," said the princess, with mock gravity.

The little countess's laughter here redoubled.

"Why don't you begin? I'll see fairplay," she continued.

"I am waiting for madame's second. The carriage is ordered."

"Carriage ordered! Why, where are you going?" said the countess.

The carriage was a close one, and the blinds were drawn down.

Still there were armorial bearings on the panel.

There was no conversation in relation to the business on which they were bent, until they reached a very retired spot near the Etang.

They got out and bade the coachman wait.

They then entered upon a shaded pathway, which, in a few minutes, led them to an open sward.

"This will do," said Cecile.

The seconds now took the rivals apart and attempted to reason with them. It was in vain. Neither would yield.

Cecile insisted upon a promise, Henriette de Chimay on an apology.

"Then" said Madeleine, firmly, "one thing I insist on. No serious consequences are to be allowed. The first blood, if only from a scratch, settles the matter."

"The vanquished is to give way," insisted Cecile de Vaux.

This being agreed on by the princess, the swords were measured and handed to the antagonists. Cecile at once saw that her rival had studied fencing.

Cecile stuck her sword in the sward, and tore off her shawl and bonnet. She then began to unbutton the front of her dress.

"What are you doing?" said the princess.

"One cannot fight in these folds," replied Cecile.

De Chimay laughed heartily, and, assisted by the countess, disrobed.

"We only want a jury of young men," said De Chimay, saucily, as she glanced from her own white shoulders to those of Cecile.

The witnesses smiled, and the combat began.

As their swords crossed two heads were protruded from the bushes, and two pair of eyes greedily devoured the scene.

They were two men, one old and the other young.

They had recognized the livery, and wondering at the mystery of the drawn blinds, had followed in a cab.

There they stood, two lovely beings as ever the sun shone upon, their little hands grasping the murderous weapons, and their eyes gleaming with passion. As the steel clashed, they felt all the more angry feelings of our nature rise up within them.

Cecile, forgetting all conventions, aimed at the other's heart. But the fortress was guarded with armor, and the sword point glanced off.

De Chimay frowned darkly and thrust at her shoulders.

But neither could touch the other.

Suddenly both made a feint, the swords crossed, and a shrill cry was heard.

The princess fell back wounded in the shoulder. Cecile dropped her sword. She was wounded in the wrist.

The princess was covered with blood.

"Are you much hurt?" cried the countess.

"No, only it's the scar," groaned the princess, almost ready to cry.

The countess staunches the blood, and found a mere skin deep scratch, which she applied some plaster to.

"Bravo!" cried the unseen audience.

The princess shrieked and made a dart at her dress, while two men stepped forth into the arena.

Cecile hurried behind some trees and re-assumed her dress.

"You horrid monsters, what do you want?" said the princess, pointing.

The two gentlemen were notorious gossips. The affair was safe to be a story for Paris before night.

"What is it all about?" said the elder gentleman. "Who have you been fighting about?"

"Marquis, about no one; about a question of dress; madame impugned my opinion."

"Hem!" said the younger man, who knew the character of the princess.

He was himself a rejected suitor.

He was Charles de Vermont, an ex-officer, but now a most celebrated man about town, the best fencer, billiard-player, horseman, and the most general lover in Paris. He was, moreover, an inveterate gossip, and wrote a *feuilleton* every week in a paper of large circulation.

Such an incident was not likely to be omitted.

"Monsieur de Vermont, you naughty man," said the princess, playfully. "I beg to inform you that what I have said is perfectly true, and, as you value my friendship, let no other version be circulated. I am very tired, but if you are our way this evening, drop in. The prince receives. I shall be happy to prove my case."

"Marquis!" cried Cecile, warmly returning the grasp, while tears came to her eyes.

"To my arms!" said the impulsive princess.

The ex-combatants embraced cordially.

"I will never look at him again," whispered De Chimay.

"I will destroy the note," said Cecile.

"Do you know De Vermont?"

"Yes."

"Can you silence him?"

"Yes."

And Cecile whispered a few words, which made De Chimay laugh heartily.

"After all," she said, "I don't think you need trouble about coming. Madame de Vermont may be jealous."

The young man turned pale. He was married to a pretty provençal, whom he had never introduced into society. The man about town was ashamed to own himself married.

"Secret for secret!" he said, in a whisper.

"Done," replied Henriette, who now led the way to the carriage, which in a few minutes carried them into the heart of Paris.

The rivals parted on very excellent terms. The princess proceeded to re-dress, and Cecile to prepare for Frank Wilton's return.

Thus it was that she received the wound in the wrist.

"Cecile," said Frank, gravely, when she had finished her story, "you have done an unmannerly and improper action. Don't repeat it, or my affection will be severely tried."

"Frank," she cried, "henceforth your slightest wish shall be law."

Frank Wilton could not in a day get rid of all the precepts and feelings he had had instilled in him from early youth, and be very gently, but firmly, pointed out to Cecile the enormity of which she had been guilty.

She listened at first in incredulous astonishment, but at last her woman's heart was touched, and she burst into tears.

"I see my fault," she said, humbly; "it shall not occur again."

"Forgive me this time."

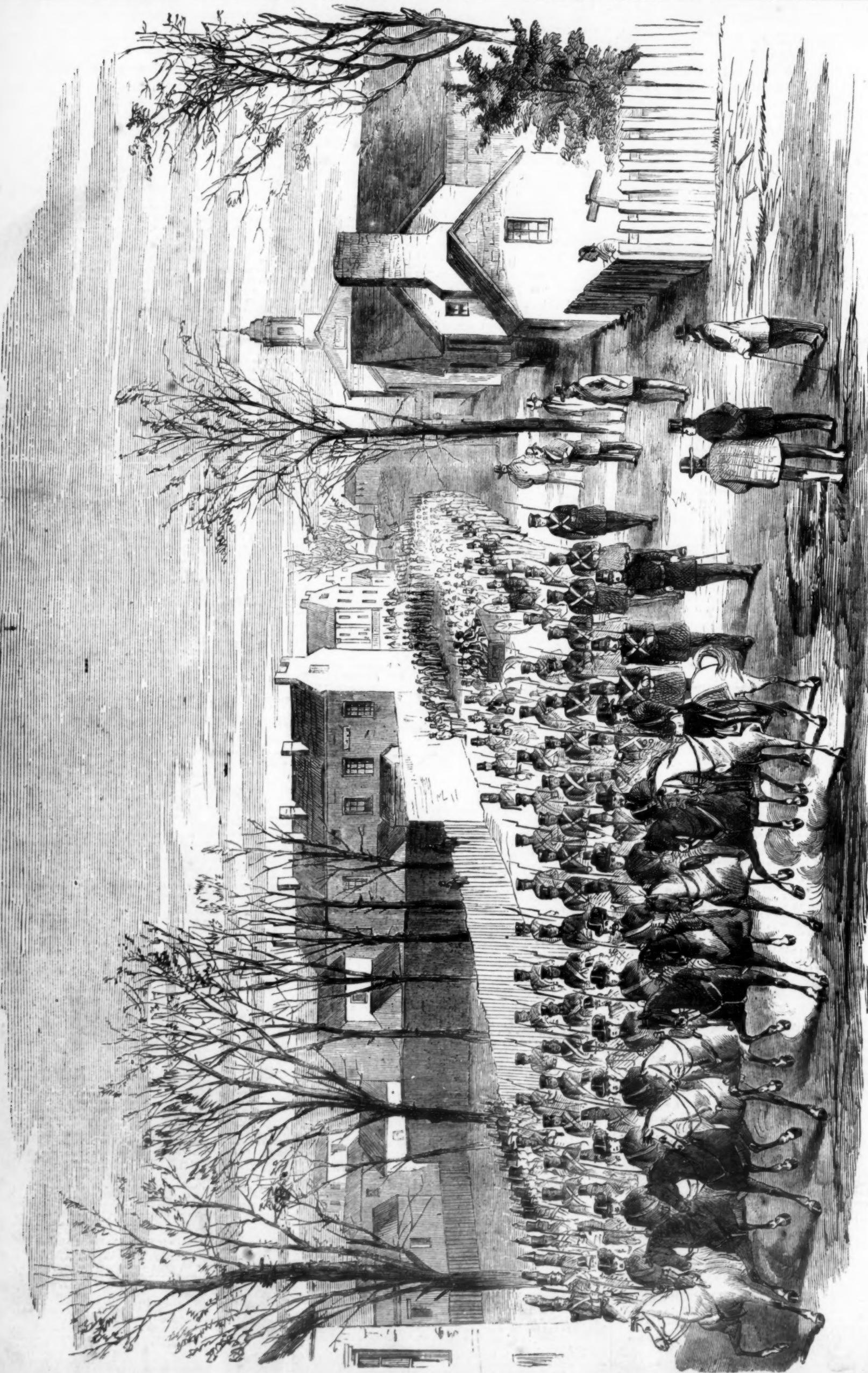
"I forgive you, Cecile, with all my heart, but never again speak to this princess."

Cecile stared.

"A married woman!" he indignantly cried; "it is infamous!"

Cecile was petrified. She was learning quite a new code of morality.

"When are you going to unmask the marquis?" she said, anxious to change the conversation.



THE MILITARY GUARDING THE PRISONERS GREEN AND COPELAND TO THE PLACE OF EXECUTION IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF CHARLESTOWN, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT LEAVING CHARLESTOWN, VA., WITH SKETCHES OF THE EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN, ESCORTED BY THE BLACK RANGERS, BY ORDER OF GENERAL TALIAFERRO.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.

THE CONSPIRACY IN HAYTI.

Murder of President Geffrard's daughter.

The final triumph of General Geffrard over that bombastic satire upon the European dynasties, the Emperor Solouque, resulted, as is well-known, in the election by the people of Geffrard as the President of Hayti. Solouque ran away in haste, taking refuge in Kingston, Jamaica, where he passes his time in playing cards and hatching plots to regain the position he lost in so dastardly a manner. He was not, however, unprepared for his flight, having sent away vast sums of money, much of which, however, was appropriated by the man to whom he entrusted it, thus disproving the old proverb of "honor among thieves."

Geffrard's position, notwithstanding the flight of the Emperor and his satellites, was by no means a quiet and prosperous one, for although his efforts, as displayed in his various public acts, were all for the benefit of the country, there were elements of disappointment and disaffection scattered over the land, which required to be watched and carefully guarded against. But no government, however strong, can crush out disaffection utterly, or ward off the secret assassin's blow.

Conspiracies were rife and widely extended in their ramifications, eventuating in the brutal and useless murder of Cora, daughter of President Geffrard.

The plot was well conceived and boldly carried out, and only failed of complete success by an accident over which the conspira-

tors had no control—success, indeed, depended upon probabilities, which they hoped to work into certainties, but they were disappointed.

The President was in the habit of visiting his daughter Cora every evening, and the construction of the house affording ample scope to reach those within from the outside, the murderer took their station around the house. The President did not, however, arrive as they anticipated, and after consulting among themselves it was determined to shoot the daughter, in the hope that the President would hasten to the spot, and thus easily fall into the trap so cunningly prepared for him. The actual murderer of Cora Geffrard (Madame Blanfort), was named Sanon, who, on being taken, confessed that the crime was the result of a conspiracy to overthrow the Government, the plan of the conspirators being to kill the President's daughter, in order to attract the President himself to the theatre of the crime and then to kill him. Sanon states that it was two men, named Cochotte and Zamor, who instigated him to commit the crime, and that, whilst the latter provided him with a gun, the former took him to the vicinity of the General's house, and showed him the window through which he was to fire at Madame Blanfort (the daughter). "You," said Cochotte, "shall do the little execution, and I will do the great one." He (Sanon), however, hesitated to commit the crime, but Cochotte threatened him with a dagger, and he fired; after which, in great terror, he took to flight in the woods, and rambled about until he was arrested.

The daughter was sacrificed, but the father was saved, even against his will, for it was only by force that he was restrained from at once rushing to the scene of the frightful murder.

The murderer, his principals and their accessories having been ferreted out and captured, one by one, were duly tried and promptly executed.

The following order of the day was issued by the President, after the trial and conviction of the conspirators:

"To THE PEOPLE AND THE ARMY.—After a process and investigation which have lasted more than a month, a military tribunal, having all



MR. SHERMAN, THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



THE LATE THOMAS SEDGWICK, U. S. DISTRICT ATTORNEY FOR NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 59.

the guarantees of impartiality and good faith, has pronounced a verdict.

"Of twenty individuals condemned to death by court-martial for the crime of assassination and conspiracy, six can have suffered their punishment this morning.

"The Government, after having for such a long time given proofs of its moderation, has now shown that it can and knows how to punish.

"In returning my thanks to all of you, my fellow-citizens, soldiers, National Guard, agriculturists, merchants and functionaries, who have spontaneously lent your aid to the Government and have aided me in supporting my domestic griefs, I ought to tell you that this is not a time for you to be disengaged.

"I watch for you.

"Let each one of you peacefully return to his labors. The Republic will continue its work of civilization and of progress, holding the scales of justice with an even hand. GEFFRARD."

The day after the assassination of the President's daughter, the general officers of the Guard waited on his Excellency in a body, to receive orders. At the same time they expressed their desire to render funeral honors to the lamented deceased. The President thanked them, but said,

"No, my friends, I would rather that the remains of my poor daughter should be conducted to their last resting-place without noise, pomp or ceremony. You will do me a pleasure by conforming with my wishes."

Generals Victor and Chancy Decoyet nevertheless insisted. They said, "Let us do so, President? It is the wish of every man in the Guard—from the simplest soldier to the highest officer."

"No, my friends," replied the President.

But instantly General Aimé arose, and spoke so feelingly that the President was greatly moved. "Henceforward, President," he said, "this is our affair. It is yours no longer. Your daughter has died for us; she has given her blood to the country; she has died the death of a man—the death of brave men; she was killed by musket balls. We must show her corpse military honors."

Geffrard could only say, "Very well, my friends, do—"

The body was interred with all honors.

Several funeral discourses had been pronounced on the virtues of the deceased in the various churches of the Republic, and the most influential merchants and others had presented the President with addresses of condolence.

The tyrant Solonius has won additional infamy from the fact that on the receipt of the news of the murder of his rival's daughter, the monster ordered a festival high mass, in joyful commemoration of the bloody and barbarous act.

We give the portraits of the miserable assassins who suffered the penalty of their crimes unpitied and unmourned. The portraits were forwarded us by F. M. Rümpfer, Esq., of Port au Prince, to whom our thanks are due.

The productions of some of the greatest minds in the Evangelical Churches of the world appear every week in the columns of the HERALD OF TRUTH, published at No. 130 Nassau Street, New York. The sermons of Rev. Henry Melville, Chaplain to the Queen of England; Rev. David Moore, formerly Chaplain to her Majesty; Rev. C. H. Spurgeon and others, are received weekly from Europe and published re-birth in the HERALD OF TRUTH. Besides these, sermons from the most distinguished Clergymen of the different Evangelical denominations in our own country are regularly published, three or four times a week, besides a great variety of other highly interesting and important religious matter, appear weekly in this paper; and it is confidently believed that as a medium for disseminating the Gospel truths has no equal in the land. Every Christian family should have the paper, and they will then all such a thrill at least once a day, and they will then be able to judge of themselves. At the Academy of Music, last winter, the most distinguished Clergymen of all the Evangelical denominations met on successive Sabbath evenings to preach the Gospel, and about six thousand people gathered in that building on every Sabbath night. I wish to tell that the idea was suggested by means of the press—a house upon thousands, over the length and breadth of the land, could be easily favored, and the Herald of Truth was successfully established in the summer following, and has now a circulation in every state in the Union, as well as all the British Provinces of North America. Will a fervent Christian do what he can to proclaim the gospel—spreading the glad tidings of this paper? The Herald of Truth is a large quarto of sixteen pages, and is arranged in every respect for reading. Back numbers, from the beginning of the volume to be supplied, and the whole will make a book of over seven hundred pages, which could not be purchased in any other form for less than five times the cost of the paper.

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BY MACHINE.	BY HAND	HOURS. MINUTES.	HOURS. MINUTES.
Gentlemen's Shirts.....	1	5	13 31
Frock Coats.....	2	38	16 35
Satin Vests.....	1	14	7 19
Linen ".....	48	5	14
Cloth Pants.....	51	6	10
Summer ".....	33	2	50
Silk Dress.....	1	13	10 22
Muslin Dress.....	1	4	8 27
Calico ".....	57	6	37
Seams of any considerable length are stitched ordinarily at the rate of a yard a minute			211-212

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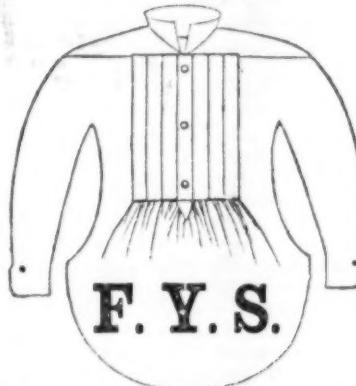
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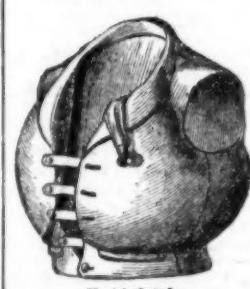
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